

THE ESSAYES OF
A PRENTISE, IN THE
DIVINE ART OF
POESIE.



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CVM PRIVILEGIO
REGALI.

THE CATALOGVE OF THE
workis heirin contened.

Thetwelf Sonnets of Inuocationsto the Goddis.

The Vranie or heauenly Muse translated.

*The Metaphoricall Inuention of a Tragedie, callit
Phœnix.*

A Paraphrasticall translatioun out of the Poëte Lucane.

A treatise of the airt of Scottis Poësie.

*The CIIII. Psalme of Dauid, translated out of
Tremellius.*

A Poeme of Tyme.



IF *Martiall* deeds, and practise of the pen
Haue wonne to auncient *Greece* a worthie fame:
If Battels bold, and Bookes of learned men
Haue magnified the mightie *Romain* name:
Then place this Prince, who well deserues the same:
Since he is one of *Mars* and *Pallas* race:
For both the *Goddess* in him haue sett in frame
Their vertewes both, which both, he doth embrace.
O *Macedon*, adorne with heauenly grace,
O *Romain* stout, decorde with learned skill,
The *Monarks* all to thee shall quite their place:
Thy endles fame shall all the world fulfill.
And after thee, none worthier shalbe seene,
To sway the *Sword*, and gaine the *Laurell* greene.

T. H.

* ij

SONNET.

THE glorious *Grekis* in stately style do blaise
 The lawde, the conquerour gaue their *Homer* olde:
 The verses *Cesar* song in *Maroes* praise,
 The *Romanis* in remembrance depe haue rolde.
 Ye *Thespian Nymphes*, that suppe the *Nectar* colde,
 That from *Parnassus* forked topp doth fall,
 What *Alexander* or *Augustus* bolde,
 May sound his fame, whose vertewes pass them all:
 O *Phæbus*, for thy help, heir might I call,
 And on *Minerue*, and *Maias* learned sonne:
 But since I know, none was, none is, nor shall,
 Can rightly ring the fame that he hath wonne,
 Then stay your trauels, lay your pennis adowne,
 For *Casars* works, shall iustly *Cesar* crowne.

R. H.

SONNET.

The mightie Father of the *Muses* nyne
 Who mounted thame vpon *Parnassus* hill,
 Where *Phæbus* faire amidd these *Sisters* syne
 With learned tounge satt teaching euer still,
 Of late yon God declared his woundrous will,
 That *Vranie* should teach this Prince most rare:
 Syne she informed her scholler with such skill,
 None could with him in Poesie compaire.
 Lo, heir the fructis, *Nymphe*, of thy foster faire,
 Lo heir (ô noble *Ioue*) thy will is done,
 Her charge compleit, as deid doth now declaire.
 This work will witnesse, she obeyed the sone.
 O *Phæbus* then reioyce with glauncing glore,
 Since that a King doth all thy court decore.

M. VV.

SONNET.

When as my minde exceded was from caire,
Among the *Nymphs* my self I did repose:
Where I gaue eare to one, who did prepaire
Her sugred voice this sequell to disclose.
Conveine your selfs (ô sisters) doe not lose
This passing tyme which hasteth fast away:
And yow who wrytes in stately verse and prose,
This glorious Kings immortall gloire display.
Tell how he doeth in tender yearis essay
Aboue his age with skill our arts to blaise.
Tell how he doeth with gratitude repay
The crowne he wan for his deserued praise.
Tell how of *Ioue*, of *Mars*, but more of *God*
The gloire and grace he hath proclaimed abroad.

M. W. F.

SONNET.

CAN goldin *Titan* shyning bright at morne
 For light of Torchis, cast ane greater shaw?
 Can *Thunder* reard the heicher for a horne?
 Craks *Cannons* louder, thought ane *Cok* sould craw?
 Can our weake breath help *Boreas* for to blaw?
 Can *Candill* lowe giue fyre a greater heit?
 Can quhytest *Suuns* more quhyter mak the *Snow*?
 Can *Virgins* teares augment the *Winters* weit?
 Helps pyping *Pan Apollos* Musique sweit?
 Can *Fountainis* small the *Ocean sea* increffe?
 No, they augment the greater nocht a quheit:
 Bot they them selues appears to grow the lesse.
 So (worthy Prince) thy works fall mak the knawin.
 Ours helps not thyne: we steynzie bot our awin.

*De huius Libri Auctore, Herculis
Rolloci coniectura.*

*Q*uisquis es, entheus hic exit quo Auctore libellus,
(Nam liber Auctorem contice: ipse suum)
Dum quonam ingenio medisor, genioque subactus,
Maiores humanis viribus ista canas:
Teque adeo quis sis expendo: aut Diuus es, inquam,
Aut a Diuum aliquis sorte secundus homo.
Nil sed habet simile aut Diuis, aut terra secundum:
Quamquam illis Reges proximus ornat honos.
Aut opus hoc igitur humano semine nati
Nullius, aut hoc sic Regis oportet opus.

ACROSTICHON.

I Nsigne Auctoris vetuit praefigere nomen
A uctoris cuncta pectus vacuum ambitione.
C uius praeclaras laudes, heroica facta,
O mnigenasq; animi dotes, & pectora verè
B elligera, exornat caelestis gratia Musa.
V era ista omnino est virtus, virtuteq; maior
S ublimis regnat generoso in pectore Christus.
S cottia fortunata nimis, bona si tua noffes
E X imij vatis, plectrum qui pollice docto
T emperat, & Musas regalem inducit in aula:
V icturus post fata diu: Nam fama superstes
S emper erit, semper florebit gloria vatis:

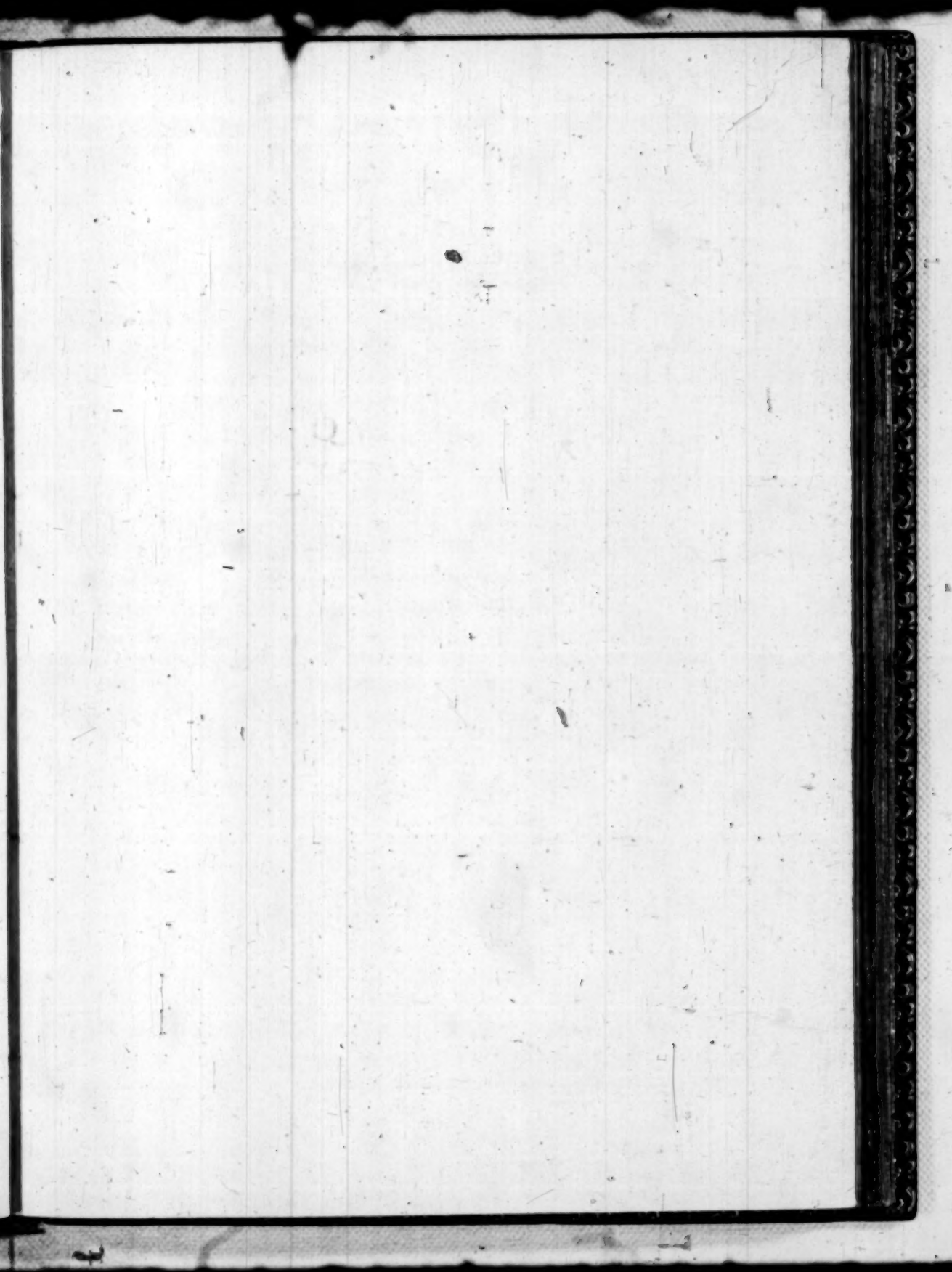
Pa. Ad. Ep. Sanct.

A

EIVSDEM AD LECTOREM

EPIGRAMMA.

*SI queras quis sit tam compti carminis auctor,
Auctorem audebis Musa negare tuum?
Ille quidem vetuit, cui te parere necesse est:
Quis tantum in Divas obtinet imperium?
Cui parent Musæ, Phæbus quo vate superbit,
Et capiti demit laurea ferta suo.
Cui lauri, & sceptri primi debentur honores,
Cui multa cingit laude tyra caput.
Quo duce spes certa est diuisis orbe Britannis,
Haud diuisa iterum regna futura duo.
Progenies Regum, Regnorumq; unicus haeres,
Scilicet obscurus delituisse potest!*






ANE QVADRAIN OF
ALEXANDRIN VERSE.

I Mmortall Gods, sen I with pen and Poets airt
So willingly hes servde you, though my skill be small,
I pray then euerie one of you to help his pairt,
In graunting this my sute, which after follow shall.

SONNET. 1.

IRST *Ioue*, as greatest God aboue the rest,
Graunt thou to me a pairt of my desyre:
That when in verse of thee I wryte my best,
This onely thing I earnestly requyre,
That thou my veine Poetique so inspyre,
As they may furlie think, all that it reid,
When I descryue thy might and thundring fyre,
That they do see thy self in verie deid
From heauen thy greatest *Thunders* for to leid,
And syne vpon the *Gyants* heads to fall;
Or cumming to thy *Semele* with speid
In *Thunders* least, at her request and call:
Or throwing *Phaethon* downe from heauen to eard,
With threatning thunders, making mōstrous reard.

SONNET. 2.

Apollo nixt, assist me in a parte,
Sen vnto Ioue thou secound art in might,
That when I do descryue thy shyning Carte,
The Readers may esteeme it in their sight.
And graunt me als, thou worlds ô onely light,
That when I lyke for subiect to deuyle
To wryte, how as before thy countenaunce bright
The yeares do stand, with seasons dowble twyle,
That so I may descryue the verie guyle
Thus by thy help, of yeares wherein we liue:
As Readers syne may say, heir surely lyes,
Of seasons fowre, the glasse and picture viue.
Grant als, that so I may my verses warpe,
As thou may play them syne vpon thy Harpe.

A. iijj.

SONNET. 3.

AND first, ô *Phæbus*, when I do descriue
The *Springtyme* sproutar of the herbes and flowris,
Whomewith in rank none of the foure do striue,
But nearest thee do stande all tymes and howris:
Graunt Readers may esteeme, they sie the showris,
Whose balmie dropps so softlie dois distell,
Which watrie cloudds in mesure suche downe powris,
As makis the herbis, and verie earth to smell
With fauours sweet, fra tyme that onis thy sell
The vapouris softlie sowkis with smyling cheare,
VVhilks syne in cloudds are keiped clos and well,
VVhill vehement *W*inter come in tyme of yeare.
Graunt, when I lyke the *Springtyme* to displaye,
That Readers think they sie the Spring alwaye.

SONNET. 4

AND graunt I may so viuely put in verse
The *Sommer*, when I lyke thei of to treat:
As when in writ I do thei of reherse,
Let Readers think they fele the burning heat,
And graithly see the earth, for lacke of weite,
With withering drouth and Sunne so gaigged all,
As for the grasse on feild, the dust in streit
Doth ryse and flee aloft, long or it fall.
Yea, let them think, they heare the song and call,
Which *Floras* wingde musicians maks to sound.
And that to taste, and smell, beleue they shall
Delicious fruiētis, whilks in that tyme abound.
And shortly, all their senses so bereaued,
As eyes and earis, and all may be deceaued.

B

SONNET. 5.

OR when I lyke my pen for to imploy
Of fertile *Harvest* in the description trew:
Let Readers think, they instantly conuoy
The busie shearers for to reap their dew,
By cutting rypest cornes with hookes anew:
Which cornes their heauy heads did downward bow,
Els seking earth againe, from whence they grew,
And vnto *Ceres* do their seruice vow.
Let Readers also surely think and trow,
They see the painfull *Vignerons* pull the grapes:
First tramping them, and after pressing now
The grenest clusters gathered into heapes.
Let then the *Harvest* so viue to them appeare,
As if they saw both cornes and clusters neare.

SONNET. 6.

BVT let them think, in verie deid they feill,
 When as I do the *VVinters* stormes vnfolde,
 The bitter frosts, which waters dois congeill
 In *VVinter* season, by a pearfing colde.
 And that they heare the whiddering *Boreas* bolde,
 With hiddeous hurling, rolling Rocks from hie.
 Or let them think, they see god *Saturne* olde,
 Whose hoarie haire owercovering earth, maks flie
 The lytle birds in flocks, fra tyme they see
 The earth and all with stormes of fnow owerced:
 Yea let them think, they heare the birds that die,
 Make piteous mone, that *Saturnes* hairis are fped.
Apollo, graunt thir foirfaid fuitis of myne,
 All fyue I fay, that thou may crowne me fyne.

B ii.

SONNET. 7.

AND when I do descriue the *Oceans* force,
Graunt syne, ô *Neptune*, god of seas profound,
That readars think on leebord, and on dworce,
And how the Seas owerflowed this masse round:
Yea, let them think, they heare a stormy sound,
Which threatnis wind, and darknes come at hand:
And water in their shippes syne to abound,
By weltring waues, lyke hiest towres on land.
Then let them thinke their shipp now low on sand,
Now climmes & skippes to top of raging seas,
Now downe to hell, when shippmen may not stand,
But lifts their hands to pray thee for some eas.
Syne let them think thy *Trident* doth it calme,
Which maks it cleare and smothe lyke glas or alme.

SONNET. 8.

AND graunt the lyke when as the swimming fort
 Of all thy subiects skaled I list declare:
 As *Triton* monster with a manly port,
 Who drownd the *Troyan* trumpetour most raire:
 As *Marmaids* wyse, who wepis in wether faire:
 And marvelous *Monkis*, I meane *Monkis* of the see.
 Bot what of monsters, when I looke and staire
 On wondrous heapes of subiects seruing the?
 As whailes so huge, and *Sea eyles* rare, that be
 Myle longs, in crawling cruikis of sixtie pace:
 And *Daulphins*, *Seahorse*, *Selchs* with oxin ee,
 And *Mersvynis*, *Pertrikis* als of fishes race.
 In short, no fowle doth flie, nor beast doth go,
 But thow hast fishes lyke to them and mo.

SONNET. 9.

O Dreidfull *Pluto*, brother thrid to *Ioue*,
With *Proserpin*, thy wife, the quene of hell:
My sute to yow is, when I like to loaue
The ioyes that do in *Elise* field excell:
Or when I like great *Tragedies* to tell:
Or flyte, or murne my *fate*: or wryte with feare
The plagues ye do send furth with *Dire* fell.
Let Readers think, that both they see and heare
Alecto, threatning *Turnus* sister deare:
And heare *Celenos* wings, with *Harpyes* all:
And see dog *Cerberus* rage with hiddeous beare,
And all that did *AEneas* once befall.
When as he past throw all those dongeons dim,
The foresaid feilds syne visited by him.

SONNET. 10.

O Furious *Mars*, thow warly ke souldiour bold,
 And hardy *Pallas*, goddes stout and graue:
 Let Reidars think, when combats manyfold
 I do descriue, they see two champions braue,
 With armies huge approching to resauē
 Thy will, with cloudds of dust into the air.
 Syne Phifers, Drūmes, and Trumpets cleir do craue
 The pelmell chok with larum loude alwhair,
 Then nothing hard but gunnis, and ratling fair
 Of speares, and clincking swords with glaunce so cleir,
 As if they foght in skeyes, then wrangles thair
 Men killd, vnkilld, whill *Parcas* breath reteir.
 There lyes the venquisht wailing fore his chaunce:
 Here lyes the victor, rewing els the daunce.

B iiij

SONNET. II.

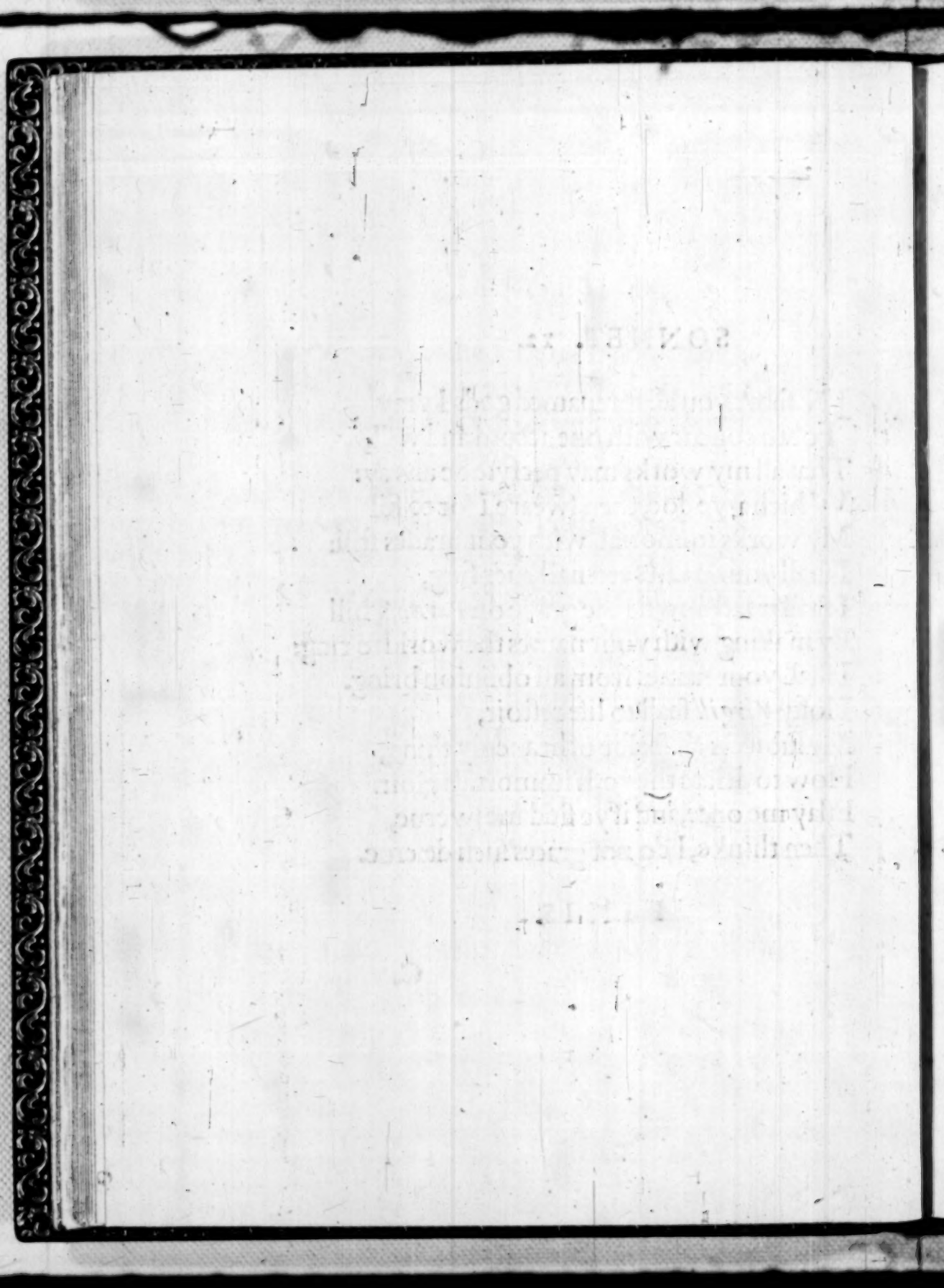
ANd at your handis I earnestly do craue,
O facound *Mercure*, with the *Muses* nyne,
That for conducting guyde I may you haue,
Aswell vnto my pen, as my Ingyne.
Let Readers think, thy eloquence deuyne
O *Mercure*, in my Poems doth appeare:
And that *Parnassus* flowing fountaine fyne
Into my works doth shyne lyke cristall cleare.
O *Muses*, let them think that they do heare
Your voyces all into my verse resound.
And that your vertewis singuler and seir
May wholly all in them be also found.
Of all that may the perfyte Poems make,
I pray you let my verses haue no lake.

SONNET. 12.

IN short, you all forenamed gods I pray
For to concur with one accord and will,
That all my works may perfyte be alway:
Which if ye doe, then sweare I for to fill
My works immortall with your praises still:
I shall your names eternall euer sing,
I shall tread downe the grasse on *Parnass* hill
By making with your names the world to ring:
I shall your names from all obliuion bring.
I lofey *Virgill* shall to life restoir,
My subiects all shalbe of heauenly thing,
How to delate the gods immortals gloir.
Essay me once, and if ye find me swerue,
Then thinke, I do not graces such deserue.

FINIS.

C.





***THE VRANIE**
translated.





* *To the fauorable*
Reader.



Having oft reuolued, and red ouer (fa-
uorable Reader) the booke and Po-
ems of the deuine and Illuster Poëte,
Salust du Bartas, I was moued by the
oft reading & perusing of them, with
a restles and lofty desire, to preas to at-
taine to the like vertue. But sen (a-
las) God, by nature hath refused me the like lofty and
quick ingyne, and that my dull *Muse*, age, and Fortune,
had refused me the lyke skill and learning, I was con-
strained to haue refuge to the secound, which was, to doe
what lay in me, to set forth his praise, sen I could not me-
rite the lyke my self. Which I thought, I could not do so
well, as by publishing some worke of his, to this yle of
Brittain (swarming full of quick ingynes,) as well as they
are made manifest already to France. But knowing my self
to vnskillfull and grosse, to translate any of his heavenly &
learned works, I almost left it of, and was ashamed of that
opinion also. Whill at the last, preferring foolehardi-
nes and a good intention, to an vtter dispaire and sleuth,
I resolved vnaduyedly to assay the translating in my lan-
guage of the easiest and shortest of all his difficile, and

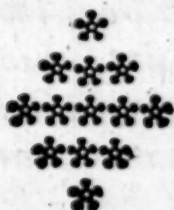
The Preface.

prolixed Poems: to wit, the *Vranie* or heauenlye Muse, which, albeit it be not well translated, yet hope I, ye will excuse me (fauorable Reader) sen I neither ordained it, nor auowes it for a iust translation: but onely set it forth, to the end, that, albeit the Prouerb saith, that foolehardines proceeds of ignoraunce, yet some quick sprited man of this yle, borne vnder the same, or as happie a Planet, as *Du Bartas* was, might by the reading of it, bee moued to translate it well, and best, where I haue bothe cuill, and worst broyled it.

For that cause, I haue put in, the French on the one side of the leif, and my blocking on the other: nought thereby to giue prooffe of my iust translating, but by the contrair, to let appeare more plainly to the foresaid reader, wherin I haue erred, to the effect, that with lesse difficulty he may escape those snares wherin I haue fallen. I must also desire you to bear with it, albeit it be replete with innumerable and intolerable faultes: sic as, Ryming in tearmes, and dyuers others, whilkis ar forbidden in my owne treatise of the Art of Poësie, in the hinder end of this booke, I must, I say, praye you for to appardone mee, for three causes. First, because that translations are limitat, and restraind in somethings, more then free inuentions are, Therefore reasoun would, that it had more libertie in others. Secoundlie, because I made nought my treatise of that intention, that eyther I, or any others behoued astricktly to follow it: but that onely it should shew the perfection of Poësie, whereunto fewe or none can
attaine

The Preface.

attaine. Thirdlye, because, that (as I shewe alreadye)
I avow it not for a iust translation . Besydes that
I haue but ten feete in my lyne, where he hath twelue,
and yet translates him lyne by lyne. Thus not doub-
ting, fauorable Reader , but you will accept my
intention and trauellis in good parte,
(sen I requyre no farder,) I
bid you faire well.





L'VRANIE, OV MVSE CELESTE.

IE n'estoy point encor en l'Auril de mon aage,
Qu'un desir d'affranchir mon renom du trespas,
Chagrin, me faisoit perdre & repos, & repas,
Par le braue proiet de maint sçauant ouurage.

Mais comme un pelerin, qui sur le tard, rencontre
Un fourchu carrefour, douteux, s'arreste court :
Et d'esprit, non des pieds, de çà de là discourt,
Par les diuers chemins, que la Lune luy monstre.

Parmi tant de sentiers qui, fleuris, se vont rendre
Sur le mont, où Phæbus guerdonne les beaux vers
De l'honneur immortel des lauriers tout-iour verds,
Ie demeuroy confus, ne sçachant lequel prendre.

Tantost i'entreprenoy d'orner la Grecque Scene
D'un vestement Francois. Tantost d'un vers plus haut,
Hardi, i'ensanglantoy le François eschafaut
Des Tyrans d'Illion, de Thebes, de Mycene.

Ie consacroy tantost à l'Aonide bande
L'Histoire des Francois: & ma sainte fureur
Desmentant à bon droit la trop commune erreur,
Faisoit le Mein Gaulois, non la Seine Alemande.

Tantost ie desseignoy d'une plume flateuse
Le los non meritè des Rois & grands Seigneurs :



THE VRANIE, OR HEA-
VENLY MVSE.

S Carce was I yet in springtyme of my years,
When greening great for fame about my pearse
Did make me lose my wonted chere and rest,
Essaying learned works with curious brest.
But as the *Pilgrim*, who for lack of light,
Cumd on the parting of two wayes at night,
He stayes assone, and in his mynde doeth cast,
What way to take while Moonlight yet doth last,
So I amongst the paths vpon that hill,
Where *Phæbus* crowns all verses euer still
Of endles praise, with *Laurers* always grene,
Did stay confusde, in doubt what way to mene.
I whyles eslaide the *Grece* in Frenche to praise,
Whyles in that tounge I gaue a lusty glaife
For to descryue the *Troian* Kings of olde,
And them that *Thebes* and *Mycens* crowns did holde.
And whiles I had the storye of Fraunce elected,
Which to the Muses I should haue directed:
My holy furie with consent of nane,
Made frenche the *Mein*, and nowyle dutche the *Sein*.
Whiles thought I to set soorth with flattring pen:
The praise vntrewe of Kings and noble men,

L'VRANIE.

Et, pour me voir bien tost riche d'or, & d'honneurs,
D'un cœur bas ie rendoy mercenaire ma Muse.

Et tandis ie vouloy chanter le fils volage
De la molle Cypris, & le mal doux-amer,
Que les plus beaux esprits souffrent pour trop aimer,
Discours, où me pousoit ma nature, & mon aage.

Or tandis qu'inconstant ie ne me puis resoudre,
De ça, de là poussé d'un vent ambitieux,
Vne sainte beauté se presente à mes yeux,
Fille, comme ie croy, du grand Dieu lance-foudre.

Sa face est angelique, angelique son geste,
Son discours tout diuin, & tout parfait son corps:
Et sa bouche à neuf-voix imite en ses accords
Le son harmonieux de la dance celeste.

Son chef est honoré d'une riche couronne
Faitte à sept plis, glissans d'un diuers mouuement,
Sur chacun de ses plis se tourne obliquement
Ie ne sçay quel rondeau, qui sur nos chefs raisonne.

Le premier est de plomb, & d'estain le deuxiesme,
Le troisieme d'acier, le quart d'or iäunissant,
Le quint est composé d'electre pallissant,
Le suyuant de Mercure, & d'argent le septiesme.

Son corps est affublé d'une mante azurée,
Semée haut & bas d'un million de feux,
Qui d'un bel art sans art distinctement confus,
Decorent de leurs rais ceste beauté sacrée.

Icy luit le grand Char, icy flambe la Lyre,
Icy la Poussiniere, icy les clairs Bessons,

THE VRANIE.

And that I might both golde and honours haue,
 With courage baffe I made my Muse a slaue.
 And whyles I thought to sing the fickle boy
 Of *Cypris* soft, and loues to-swete anoy,
 To lofty sprits that are therewith made blynd,
 To which discours my nature and age inclynd.
 But whill I was in doubt what way to go,
 With wind ambitious tossed to and fro:
 A holy beuty did to mee appeare,
 The *Thundrers* daughter seeming as she weare.
 Her porte was Angellike with Angels face,
 With comely shape and tounge of heauenly grace:
 Her nyneuoced mouth resembled into sound
 The daunce harmonious making heauen resound.
 Her head was honorde with a costly crown,
 Seuinfolde and round, to dyuers motions boun:
 On euery folde I know not what doth glance,
 Aboue our heads into a circuler dance.
 The first it is of Lead, of Tin the nixt,
 The third of Steele, the fourth of Golde vnmixt,
 The fyfth is made of pale Electre light,
 The sixt of Mercure, seuint of Siluer bright.
 Her corps is couered with an Asure gowne,
 Where thousand fires ar sowne both vp and downe:
 Whilks with an arte, but arte, confusde in order,
 Dois with their beames decore thereof the border.
 Heir shynes the Charlewain, there the Harp giues light,
 And heir the Seamans starres, and there Twinnis bright,

The seuin
Planets.

Firmanēt

Fixed
Starres.

L'VRANIE.

icy le Trebuschet, icy les deux Poissons,
Et mille autres brandons que ie ne puis descrire.

Ie suis [dit elle alors] ceste docte VRANIE,
Qui sur les gonds astrez transporte les humains,
Faisant voir à leurs yeux, & toucher à leurs mains,
Ce que la Cour celeste & contemple & manie.

Ie quinte-essence lame: & fay que le Poete
Se surmontant soy mesme, enfonce vn haut discours,
Qui, diuin, par l'oreille attire les plus sourds,
Anime les rochers, & les fleues arreste.

Agreeable est le son de mes doctes germaines:
Mais leur gosier, qui peut terre & ciel enchanter,
Ne me cede pas moins en l'art de bien chanter,
Qu'au Rosignol l'Oison, les Pies aux Syrenes.

Pren moy donques pour guide: esleue au ciel ton aïlle
Saluste, chante moy du Tout-puissant l'honneur,
Et remontant le luth du Iessean sonneur,
Courageux, brosse apres la couronne eternelle.

Ie ne puis d'un œil sec, voir mes sœurs maquerelles,
Des amoureux François, dont les mignards escrits
Sont pleins de feints soupirs, de feints pleurs, de feints cris,
D'impudiques discours, & de vaines querelles.

Ie ne puis d'un œil sec voir que l'on mette en vente,
Nos diuines chansons: & que d'un flatteur vers,
Pour gagner la faueur des Princes plus peruers,
Vn Commode, vn Neron, vn Caligule on vante.

Mais, sur tout, ie ne puis sans soupirs & sans larmes
Voir les vers employez contre l'auteur des vers:

THE VRANIE.

And heire the Ballance, there the Fishes twaine,
 With thousand other fyres, that pas my braine.
 I am said she, that learned VRANIE,
 That to the Starres transports humanitie,
 And maks men see and twiche with hands and ene
 It that the heauenly court contemplating bene.
 I quint-essence the Poets soule so well,
 While he in high discours excede him sell,
 Who by the eare the deafeest doeth allure,
 Reuiues the rocks, and stayes the floods for sure.
 The tone is pleasaunt of my * sisters deir:
 Yet though their throts make heauen and earth admire,
 They yeld to me no lesse in singing well,
 Then Pye to Syraine, goose to Nightingell.
 Take me for guyde, lyft vp to heauen thy wing
 O *Salust*, Gods immortals honour sing:
 And bending higher *Dauid's* Lute in tone,
 With courage seke yon endles crowne abone.
 I nowais can, vnwet my cheekes, beholde
 My sisters made by Frenchemen macquerels olde,
 Whose mignarde writts, but faynd lamenting vaine,
 And fayned teares and shameles tales retaine.
 But weping neither can I see them spyte
 Our heauenly verse, when they do nothing wryte,
 But Princes flattery that ar tyrants rather
 Then *Nero*, *Commode*, or *Caligule* ather.
 But specially but sobbes I neuer shall
 Se verse bestowde gainst him made verses all,

Nyne
Mules.

I can

L'VRANIE.

Je ne puis voir battu le Roy de l'univers
De ses propres soldats, & de ses propres armes.

L'homme a les yeux sillez de nuits Cimmeriennes,
Et s'il a quelque bien, tant soit peu precieux,
Par differentes mains il l'a receu des cieux:
Mais Dieu seul nous apprend les chansons Delphiennes.

Tout art s'apprend par art: la seule Poesie
Est un pur don celeste: & nul ne peut goustier
Le miel, que nous faisons de Pinde degoutter
S'il n'a d'un sacré feu la poitrine saisie.

De ceste source vient, que maints grands personnages
Consommez en sçauoir, voire en prose diserts,
Se trauaillent en vain à composer des vers:
Et qu'un ieune apprenti fait de plus beaux ouurages.

De là vient que iadis le chantre Meonide,
Combien que mendiant, & sans maistre, & sans yeux,
A vaincu par ses vers les nouueaux, & les vieux,
Chantant si bien Vlysse, & le preux Aeacide.

De là vient qu'un Nason ne peut parler en prose,
De là vient que Dauid mes chants si tost aprit,
De pasteur fait Poëte, & que maint ieune esprit
Ne sçachant point nostre art, suyuant nostre art compose.

Recherche nuit & iour les ondes Castalides:
Regrimpe nuit & iour contre le roc Besson:
Sois disciple d'Homere, & du saint nourrisson
D'Ande, l'heureux seiour des vierges Pierides.

Lis tant que tu voudras, volume apres volume,
Les liures de Pergame, & de la grande cité,

THE VRANIE.

I can not see his proper soldiers ding
 With his owne armes him that of all is King.
 Mans eyes are blinded with *Cimmerien* night:
 And haue he any good, beit neuer so light,
 From heauen, by mediat moyens, he it reaches,
 Bot only God the *Delphiens* songs vs teaches.
 All art is learned by art, this art alone
 It is a heauenly gift: no flesh nor bone
 Can preif the honnie we from *Pinde* distill,
 Except with holy fyre his breest we fill.
 From that spring flowes, that men of speciall chose,
 Consumde in learning, and perfyte in prose,
 For to make verse in vane dois trauell take,
 When as a prentise fairer works will make.
 That made that *Homer*, who a songster be,ac,
 Albeit a begger, lacking master, and ene,
 Exceded in his verse both new and olde,
 In singing *Vliß* and *Achilles* bolde.
 That made that *Naso* nought could speak but verse,
 That *Dauid* made my songs so sone reherse,
 Of pastor Poët made. yea yongmen whyles
 Vnknowing our art, yet by our art compyles.
 Seke night and day *Castalias* waltring waas,
 Climme day and night the twinrocks of *Parnaas*:
 Be *Homers* skoller, and his, was borne in *Ande*,
 The happie dwelling place of all our bande.
 How oft thou lykes reid ouer booke efter booke,
 The bookes of *Troy*, and of that towne which tooke

Virgill

LVRANIE.

*Cui du rom d'Alexandre a son nom emprunté:
Exerce incessamment & ta langue. & ta plume.*

*Ioin tant que tu voudras pour vn carme bien faire
L'obscur nuiet au iour, & le iour à la nuiet,
Si ne pourras tu point cueillir vn digne fruit
D'un si fascheux travail, si Pallas t'est contraire.*

*Car du tout hors de l'homme il fault que l'homme sorte,
Sil veut faire des vers qui facent teste aux ans:
Il fault qu'entre nos mains il sequestre ses sens:
Il fault qu'un saint ecstase au plus haut ciel l'emporte.*

*D'autant que tout ainsi que la fureur humaine
Rend l'homme moins qu'humain: la diuine fureur
Rend l'homme plus grand qu'homme: & d'une sainte erreur
Sur le ciel porte-feux à son gré le promeine.*

*C'est d'un si sacré lieu que les diuins poëtes
Nous apportent ça bas de si doctes propos,
Et des vers non suiets au pouuoir d'Atropos,
Truchemens de Nature, & du Ciel interpretes.*

*Les vrais Poëtes sont tels que la cornemuse,
Qui pleine de vent sonne, & vuide perd le son:
Car leur fureur durant, dure aussi leur chanson:
Et si la fureur cesse, aussi cesse leur Muse.*

*Puis d'oques que les vers ont au ciel pris naissance,
Esprits vraiment diuins, aurez vous bien le cœur
De prononcer un vers & profane, & moqueur
Contre cil, qui conduit des cieux astrez la danse?*

*Serez vous tant ingrats, que de rendre vos plumes
Ministres de la chair, & serues de peché?*

Tout

THE VRANIE.

Alexandria

Her name from *Alexander* Monark then,
 Exerce but cease thy tounge and eke thy pen.
 Yea, if to make good verse thou hes sic cure,
 Ioyne night to day, and day to night obscure,
 Yet shall thou not the worthy frute reape so
 Of all thy paines, if *Pallas* be thy so.
 For man from man must wholly parted be,
 If with his age, his verse do well agree.
 Amongst our hands, he must his wits resing,
 A holy trance to highest heauen him bring.
 For euen as humane fury makes the man,
 Les then the man: So heauenly fury can
 Make man pas man, and wander in holy mist,
 Vpon the fyrie heauen to walk at list.
 Within that place the heauenly Poets sought
 Their learning, syne to vs heare downe it brought,
 With verse that ought to *Atropos* no dewe,
 Dame *Natures* trunchmen, heauens interprets trewe.
 For Poets right are lyke the pype alway,
 Who full doth sound, and empty stayes to play:
 Euen so their fury lasting, lasts their tone,
 Their fury ceast, their Muse doth stay assone.
 Sen verse did then in heauen first bud and blume,
 If ye be heauenly, how dar ye presume
 A verse prophane, and mocking for to sing
 Gainst him that leads of starric heauens the ring?
 Will ye then so ingratly make your pen,
 A slaue to sinne, and serue but fleshy men?

E.

L'VRANIE.

Tout-iour donques sera vostre style empesché
A remplir, men songers, de songes vos volumes?
Ferez vous, ô trôpeurs, tout-iour d'un diable un Ange?
Fendrez vous tout-iour l'air de vos amoureux cris?
Hé! n'orra on iamaïs dans vos doctes escrits
Retentir haut & clair du grand Dieu la louange?
Ne vous suffit il pas de sentir dans vostre ame
Le Cyprien brandon, sans que plus effrontez
Qu'une Lays publique, encor vous euentez
Par le monde abusé vostre impudique flâme?
Ne vous suffit il pas de croupir en delices,
Sans que vous corrompiez, par vos nombres charmeurs,
Du lecteur indiscret les peu-constantes mœurs,
Luy faisant embrasser pour les vertus les vices?
Les tons, nombres, & chants, dont se fait l'harmonie,
Qui rend le vers si beau, ont sur nous tel pouuoir,
Que les plus durs Catons ils peuuent esinouuoir,
Agitant nos esprits d'une douce manie.
Ainsi que le cachet dedans la cire forme
Presque un autre cachet, le Poete sçauant,
Vasibien dans nos cœurs ses passions grauant,
Que presque l'auditeur en l'auteur se transforme.
Car la force des vers, qui secrettement glisse,
Par des secrets conduits, dans nos entendemens,
Tempreint tous les bons & mauuais mouuemens,
Qui sont representez par un docte artifice.
Et c'est pourquoy Platon hors de sa Republique
Chassoit les escriuains, qui souloient par leurs vers

Rendre

THE VRANIE.

Shall still your brains be busied then to fill
 With dreames, ô dreamers, euery booke and bill?
 Shall Satan still be God for your behoue?
 Still will ye riue the aire with cryes of loue?
 And shall there neuer into your works appeare,
 The praise of God, resounding loud and cleare?
 Suffis it nought ye feele into your haire
 The *Ciprian* torche, vnles more malapairt
 Then *Lais* commoun quean, ye blow abroad
 But shame, athort the world, your shameles god?
 Abusers, staikes it not to lurk in lust,
 Without ye smit with charming numbers iust
 The fickle maners of the reader slight,
 In making him embrace, for day, the night?
 The harmony of number tone and song,
 That makes the verse so fair, it is so strong
 Ouer vs, as hardest *Catos* it will moue,
 With spreits aflought, and sweete transported loue.
 For as into the wax the seals imprent
 Is lyke a seale, right so the Poët gent,
 Doeth graue so viue in vs his passions strange,
 As maks the reader, halfe in author change.
 For verses force is sic, that softly slydes
 Throw secret poris, and in our senses bydes,
 As makes them haue both good and euill imprented,
 Which by the learned works is represented.
 And therefore *Platos* common wealth did pack
 None of these Poëts, who by verse did make

L'VRANIE.

Rendre meschans les bons, plus peruers les peruers,
Sapans par leurs beaux mots l'honnesteté publique.

Nō ceux qui dans leurs chāts marioient les beaux termes
Auec les beaux suiets: ore entonnans le los
Du iuste foudroyeur: ore d'un saint propos,
Seruans aux desuoyez & de guides & d'Hermes.

Profanes escriuains, vostre impudique rime,
Est cause, que l'on met nos chantres mieux-disans
Au rang des basteleurs, des boufons, des plaisans:
Et qu'encore moins qu'eux le peuple les estime.

Vous faites de Clion vne Thais impure:
D'Heloicon vn bordeau: vous faites impudens,
Par vos lascifs discours, que les peres prudens
Deffendent à leurs fils des carmes la lecture.

Mais si foulans aux pieds la deité volage,
Qui blece de ces traits vos idolatres cœurs,
Vous vouliez employer vos plus sainctes fureurs
A faire voir en France vn sacré-sainct ouurage.

Chacun vous priseroit, comme estans secretaires,
Et ministres sacrez du Roy de l'uniuers.
Chacun reuereroit comme oracles vos vers:
Et les grands commettroient en vos mains leurs affaires.

La liaison des vers fut iadis inuentee
Seulement pour traiter les mysteres sacrez
Auec plus de respect: & de long temps apres
Par les carmes ne fut autre chose chantee.

Ainsi mon grand David sur la corde tremblante
De son luth tout-diuin ne sonne rien que Dieu.

Ainsi

THE VRANIE.

The goodmen euill, and the wicked worse,
 Whose pleasaunt words betraied the publick corse.
 Not those that in their songs good tearmes alwaile
 Ioynd with fair Them: whyles thūdring out the praise
 Of God, iust Thundrer: whyles with holy speache,
 Lyke *Hermes* did the way to strayers teache.
 Your shameles rymes, are cause, ô Scribes prophane,
 That in the lyke opinion we remaine
 With Iuglers, buffons, and that foolish seames:
 Yea les then them, the people of vs esteames.
 For *Clio* ye put *Thais* vyle in vre,
 For *Helicon* a bordell. Ye procure
 By your lasciuious speache, that fathers sage
 Defends verse reading, to their yonger age.
 But lightleing * yon fleing godhead flight,
 Who in Idolatrous breasts his darts hath pight.
 If that ye would imploy your holy traunce,
 To make a holy hallowde worke in Fraunce:
 Then euery one wolde worthy scribes you call,
 And holy seruants to the King of all.
 Echone your verse for oracles wolde take,
 And great men of their counsell wolde you make.
 The verses knitting was found out and tryit,
 For singing only holy mysteries by it
 With greater grace. And efter that, were pend
 Longtyme no verse, but for that only end.
 Euen so my *Dauid* on the trembling strings
 Of heauenly harps, Gods only praise he sings.

Cypide

L'VRANIE.

*Ainsi le conducteur de l'exercite Hebricu,
Sauuë des rouges flots, le los du grand Dieu chante.*

*Ainsi Iudith, Delbore, au milieu des gens d'armes,
Ainsi Iob, Ieremie, accablez de douleurs,
D'un carme bigarré de cent mille couleurs
Descrinoient saintement leurs ioyes, & leurs larmes.*

*Voilà pourquoy Satan, qui fin se transfigure
En Ange de clarté pour nous ensorceler,
Ses prestres & ses dieux faisoit iadis parler,
Non d'une libre language, ains par nombre, & mesure.*

*Ainsi, sous Apollon la folle Phæmonoe
En hexametres vers ses oracles chantoit:
Et, par douteux propos, cautelense affrontoit
Non le Grec seulement, ains l'Ibere, & l'Eoe.*

*Ainsi l'antique voix en Dodone adorée,
Aesculape, & Ammon en vers prophetizoient,
Les Sibylles en vers le futur predisoient,
Et les prestres prioient en oraison nombrée.*

*Ainsi Line, Hesiode, & celui dont la lyre
Oreilloit, comme on dit, les rocs, & les forests,
Oserent autrefois les plus diuins secrets
De leur profond sçauoir en doctes vers escrire.*

*Voulez qui tant desirez vos fronts de laurier ceindre,
Où pourriez vous trouuer un champ plus spacieux,
Que le los de celui qui tient le frein des cieux,
Qui fait trembler les monts, qui fait l'Erebe craindre?*

*Ce suiet est de vray la Corne d'abondance,
C'est un grand magazin riche en discours faconds,*

Ces

THE VRANIE.

Euen so the leader of the *Hebreu* hoste,
 Gods praise did sing vpon the Redsea coste.
 So *Iudith* and *Delbor* in the soldiers throngs,
 So *Iob* and *Ieremie*, preast with woes and wrongs,
 Did right descryue their ioyes, their woes and torts,
 In variant verse of hundreth thousand sorts.
 And therefore crafty Sathan, who can seame
 An Angell of light, to witch vs in our dreame,
 He caulde his gods and preests of olde to speake
 By number and measure, which they durst not breake.
 So fond *Phaemonoe* vnder *Apollos* wing,
 Her oracles *Hexameter* did sing:
 With doubtsum talk she craftely begylde,
 Not only *Grece*, but *Spaine* and *Indes* she sylde.
 That olde voce serude in *Dodon*, spak in verse,
 So *AEsculap* did, and so did *Ammon* fearse,
 So *Sybills* tolde in verse, what was to come:
 The Preefts did pray by numbers, all and some.
 So *Hesiod*, *Line*, and he * whose Lute they say,
 Made rocks and Forrests come to heare him play,
 Durst well their heauenly secrets all discloes,
 In learned verse, that softly flydes and goes.
 O ye that wolde your browes with *Laurel* bind,
 What larger feild I pray you can you find,
 Then is his praise, who brydles heauens most cleare,
 Mak's mountaines tremble, and howest hells to feare.
 That is a horne of plenty well repleat:
 That is a storehouse riche, a learning seat.

Orpheus

LVRANIE.

*C'est vn grand Ocean, qui n'a riuë, ny fonds,
Vn surjon immortal de diuine eloquence.*

*L'humble suiet ne peut qu'humble discours produire:
Mais le graue suiet de soy mesme produit
Graues & masles mots: de soy mesmes il luit,
Et fait le saint honneur de son chantre reluire.*

*Or donc si vous voulez apres vos cendres viure,
N'imitiez Erostrat, qui pour viure, brusta
Le temple Ephesien: ou celuy qui moula,
Pour estendre son nom, vn cruel veau de cuiure.*

*Ne vueillez employer vostre rare artifice
A chanter la Cyprine, & son fils emplumé:
Car il vaut beaucoup mieux n'estre point renommé,
Que se voir renommé pour raison de son vice.*

*Vierges sont les neuf sœurs, qui dacent sur Parnasse,
Vierge vostre Pallas: & vierge ce beau corps
Qu'un fleuve vit changer sur les humides bords,
En l'arbre tout-iour vert, qui vos cheueux enlace.*

*Consacrez moy plustost ceste rare eloquence
A chanter hautement les miracles compris
Dans le sacré fueillet: & de vos beaux esprits
Versez là, mes amis, toute la quinte-essence.*

*Que Christ, comme Homme-Dieu, soit la troupe iumelle
Sur qui vous sommeillez. Que pour cheual ailé
L'Esprit du Trois-fois grand, d'un blanc pigeon voilé,
Vous face ruiseler vne source immortelle.*

*Tout ouurage excellent la memoire eternize
De ceux qui tant soit peu trauaillent apres luy.*

THE VRANIE.

An Ocean hudge, both lacking shore and ground,
Of heauenly eloquence a spring profound.

From subiects base, a bated discours dois spring,

A lofty subiect of it selfe doeth bring

Graue words and weghtie, of it selfe diuine,

And makes the authors holy honour shine.

If ye wolde after ashes liue, bewaire,

To do lyke *Erostrat*, who brunt the faire

Ephesian temple, or him, to win a name,

*Who built of brasle, the crewell Calfe vntame.

Let not your art so rare then be defylde,

In singing *Venus*, and her fethred chylde:

For better it is without renowme to be,

Then be renowmde for vyle iniquitie.

Those nyne are Maides, that daunce vpon *Parnaas*?

Learnd *Pallas* is a Virgin pure, lyke as

*That fair, whome waters changed on wattry banks

Into *that tre still grene, your hair that hanks.

Then consecrat that eloquence most rair,

To sing the lofty miracles and fair

Of holy Scripture: and of your good ingyne,

Poure out, my frends, there y our fift-essence fyne.

Let Christ both God and man your *Twinrock* be,

Whome on ye slepe: for that *hors who did fle,

Speak of that *thryse great spreit, whose dowe most white

Mote make your spring flow euer with delyte.

All excellent worke beare record euer shall,

Of trauellers in it, though their paines be small.

F.

Perillus

Daphne

Laurell

Pegasus

Holy
ghost

L'VRANIE.

Le Musolee a fait viure iusqu'aujour d'hy
Timothee, Bryace, & Scope, & Artemise.

Hui am seroit sans nom, sans la sainte assistance
Qu'il fit au bastiment du temple d'israël.
Et sans l'Arche de Dieu l'Hebrieu Beseleel
Seroit enseveli sous eternal silence.

Et puis que la beauté de ces rares ouurages
Fait viure apres la mort tous ceux qui les ont faits,
Combien qu'avec le temps les plus seurs soient deffaits
Par rauines, par feux, par guerres, par orages.

Pensez, se vous suppli, combien sera plus belle
La louange, qu'heureux, ça bas vous acquerrez,
Lors que dans vos saints vers DIEU seul vous chanterez
Puis qu'un nom immortel vient de chose immortelle.

Je sçay que vous direz que les antiques fables
Sont l'ame de vos chants, que ces contes diuers,
L'un de l'autre naissans, peuuent rendre vos vers
Beaucoup plus que l'histoire au vulgaire admirables.

Mais où peut on trouuer choses plus merueilleuses
Que celles de la Foy? hé! quel autre argument
Avec plus de tesmoins nostre raison desment,
Qui rabat plus l'orgueil des ames curieuses?

Payeroy mieux chanter la tour Assyrienne,
Que les trois monts Gregeois l'un dessus l'autre entez
Pour dethrofner du ciel les dieux espouuantez:
Et l'onde de Noé, que la Deucalienne.

Payeroy mieux chanter le changement subite
Du Monarque d'Assur, que de l'Arcadien,

THE VRANIE.

The *Mausole* tombe the names did eternise
 Of *Scope*, *Timotheus*, *Briace* and *Artemise*.
 But *Hirams* holy help, it war vnknowne
 What he in building *Izraels* Temple had showne,
 Without Gods Ark *Beseleel* Iewe had bene
 In euerlasting silence buried clene.
 Then, since the bewty of those works most rare
 Hath after death made liue all them that ware
 Their builders: though them selues with tyme be failde,
 By spoils, by fyres, by warres, and tempests quailde.
 I pray you think, how mekle fairer shall
 Your happie name heirdowne be, when as all
 Your holy verse, great God alone shall sing,
 Since praise immortall commes of endles thing.
 I know that ye will say, the auncient rables
 Decores your songs, and that *those dyuers fables,
 Ilk bred of other, doeth your verses mak
 More loued then storyes by the vulgar pack.
 But where can there more wondrous things be found,
 Then those of faith? ô fooles, what other ground,
 With witnes mo, our reasons quyte improues,
 Beats down our pryde, that curious questions moues?
 I had farr rather *Babell* tower forthlett,
 Then the *thre *Grecian* hilles on others plett,
 To pull down gods afraide, and in my moode,
 Sing *Noës* rather then *Deucalions* floode.
 I had far rather sing the suddaine change
 Of *Assurs* monark, then of *Arcas* strange.

F. ij.

Metamor-
phosis

Ossa, Pin-
dus, and
Olympus

Nabuchad-
nezer.

L'VRANIE.

Et le viure second du saint Bethanien,
Que le recolement des membres d'Hippolite.

L'un de plaire au lecteur tant seulement se mesle,
Et l'autre seulement tasche de profiter:
Mais seul celuy là peut le laurier meriter,
Qui, sage, le profit avec le plaisir mesle.

Les plus beaux promenoirs sont pres de la marine,
Et le nager plus seur pres des riuages verds:
Et le sage Escriptuain n'esloigne dans ses vers
Le sçauoir du plaisir, le ieu de la doctrine.

Vous tiendrez donc ce rang en chantant choses telles:
Car enseignant autrui, vous mesmes apprendrez
La reigle de bien viure: & bien-heureux, rendrez
Autant que leurs suiets, vos chansons immortelles.

Laissez moy donc à part ces fables surannées:
Mes amis, laissez moy cest insolent Archer,
Qui les cœurs otieux peut seulement brescher,
Et plus ne soyent par vous les Muses profanées.

Mais las! en vain ie crie, en vain, las! ie m'enroue:
Car l'un, pour ne se voir conuaincu par mon chant,
Va, comme vn fin aspic, son oreille bouchant:
L'autre Epicurien, de mes discours se ioue.

L'autre pour quelque temps se range en mon eschole,
Mais le monde enchanteur soudain le me soustrait,
Et ce discours sacré, qui les seuls bons attrait,
Entre par vne aureille, & par l'autre s'envolle.

Las! ie n'en voy pas vn qui ses deux yeux de sille
Du bandeau de Venus, & d'un profane siel

Of the * *Bethaniens* holy second liuing,
 Then *Hippolitts* with members glewde reuiuing.
 To please the Reader is the ones whole cair,
 The vther for to proffite mair and mair:
 But only he of *Laurell* is condng,
 Who wysely can with proffit, pleasure ming.
 The fairest walking on the Sea coast bene,
 And suirest swimming where the braes are grene:
 So, wyse is he, who in his verse can haue
 Skill mixt with pleasure, sports with doctrine graue.
 In singing kepe this order showen you heir,
 Then ye your self, in teaching men shall leir
 The rule of liuing well, and happely shall
 Your songs make, as your thems immortall all.
 No more into those oweryere lies delyte,
 My freinds, cast of that insolent archer quyte,
 Who only may the ydle harts surpryse:
 Prophane no more the *Muses* with yon cryes.
 But oh! in vaine, with crying am I horce:
 For lo, where one, nought caring my songs force,
 Goes lyke a crafty snaik, and stoppes his eare:
 The other godles, mocks and will not heare.
 Ane other at my schoole abydes a space,
 While charming world withdrawe him frō that place:
 So that discours, that maks good men reiose,
 At one eare enters, and at the other goes.
 Alas, I se not one vnvaill his ene
 From *Venus* vaill and gal prophane, that bene

L'VRANIE.

De ses carmes dorez ne corrompe le miel:
Bien que de bons esprits nostre France fourmille.

Mais toy, mon cher mignon, que la Neufuaine sainte
Qui de Pegase boit le surjon perennel,
Fit le sacré sonneur du ios de l'Eternel,
Mesme auant que de toy ta mere fust enceinte :

Bien que cest argument semble vne maigre lande,
Que les meilleurs esprits ont en friche laissée,
Ne sois pour l'auenir de ce travail lassé :
Car plus la gloire est rare, & tant plus elle est grande.

SALVSTE, ne perds cœur si tu vois que l'Enuie
Aille abbayant, maligne, apres ton los naissant :
Ne crain que sous ses pieds elle aille tapissant
Les vers que tu feras, comme indignes de vie.

Ce monstre blece-honneur ressemble la Mastine,
Qui iappe contre ceux qui sont nouueaux venus,
Pardonnant toutesfois à ceux qui sont cognus,
Curtoise enuers ceux cy, enuers ceux là mutine.

Ce monstre semble encor vne fameuse nue,
Que le naissant Vulcan presse de toutes pars,
Pour, noire, l'estouffer de ses ondeux bronillars:
Mais où plus ce feu croist, plus elle diminue.

Sui donc (mon cher souci) ce chemin non froyable
Que par ceux, que le ciel, liberal, veut benir,
Et ie iure qu'en brief ie te feray tenir
Entre les bons esprits quelque rang honorable.

C'est par ce beau discours que la Muse celeste
Tenant vne couronne en sa pucelle main,

Attire

THE VRANIE.

To golden nonnied verse, the only harne,
 Although our France with lofty sprits doth swarme.
 But thou my deir one, whome the holy *Nyne*,
 Who yearly drinks *Pegasus* fountaine fyne,
 The great gods holy songster had receiued,
 Yea, euen before thy mother the conceiued.
 Albeit this subiect leame a barren ground,
 With quickest spreits left ley, as they it found,
 Irk not for that heirefter of thy paine,
 Thy glorie by rairnes greater shall remaine.
 O *Salust*, lose not heart, though pale Inuye
 Bark at thy praise increasing to the skye,
 Feare not that she tread vnder foote thy verse,
 As if they were vnworthie to reherse.
 This monster honnors-hurt is lyke the curr,
 That barks at strangers comming to the durr,
 But sparing alwaies those are to him knowin,
 To them most gentle, to the others throwin.
 This monster als is lyke a rauing cloude,
 Which threatnes alway is kendling *Vulcan* loude.
 To smore and drowne him, with her powring raine,
 Yet force of fyre repellis her power againe.
 Then follow furth, my sonne, that way vnfeard,
 Of them whom in fre heauens gift hath appeard.
 And heare I sweare, thou shortly shall resauce
 Some nobler rank among good spreits and graue.
 This heavenly *Muse* by such discourses fair,
 Who in her Virgin hand a riche crowne bair:

LVRANIE.

*Attire à soy mon cœur d'un transport plus qu'humain,
Tant bien à ses doux mots elle adiouste un doux geste.*

*Depuis, ce seul amour dans mes veines bouillonne:
Depuis, ce seul vent souffle ès toiles de ma nef:
Bien-beureux si ie puis non poser sur mon chef,
Ains du doigt seulement toucher ceste couronne.*

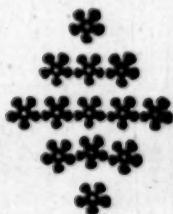
FINIS.



THE VRANIE.

So drew to her my heart, so farr transported,
And with swete grace, so swetely she exhorted:
As since that loue into my braines did brew,
And since that only wind my shipsailes blew,
I thought me blest, if I might only clame
To touche that crown, though not to weare the same.

FINIS.



G

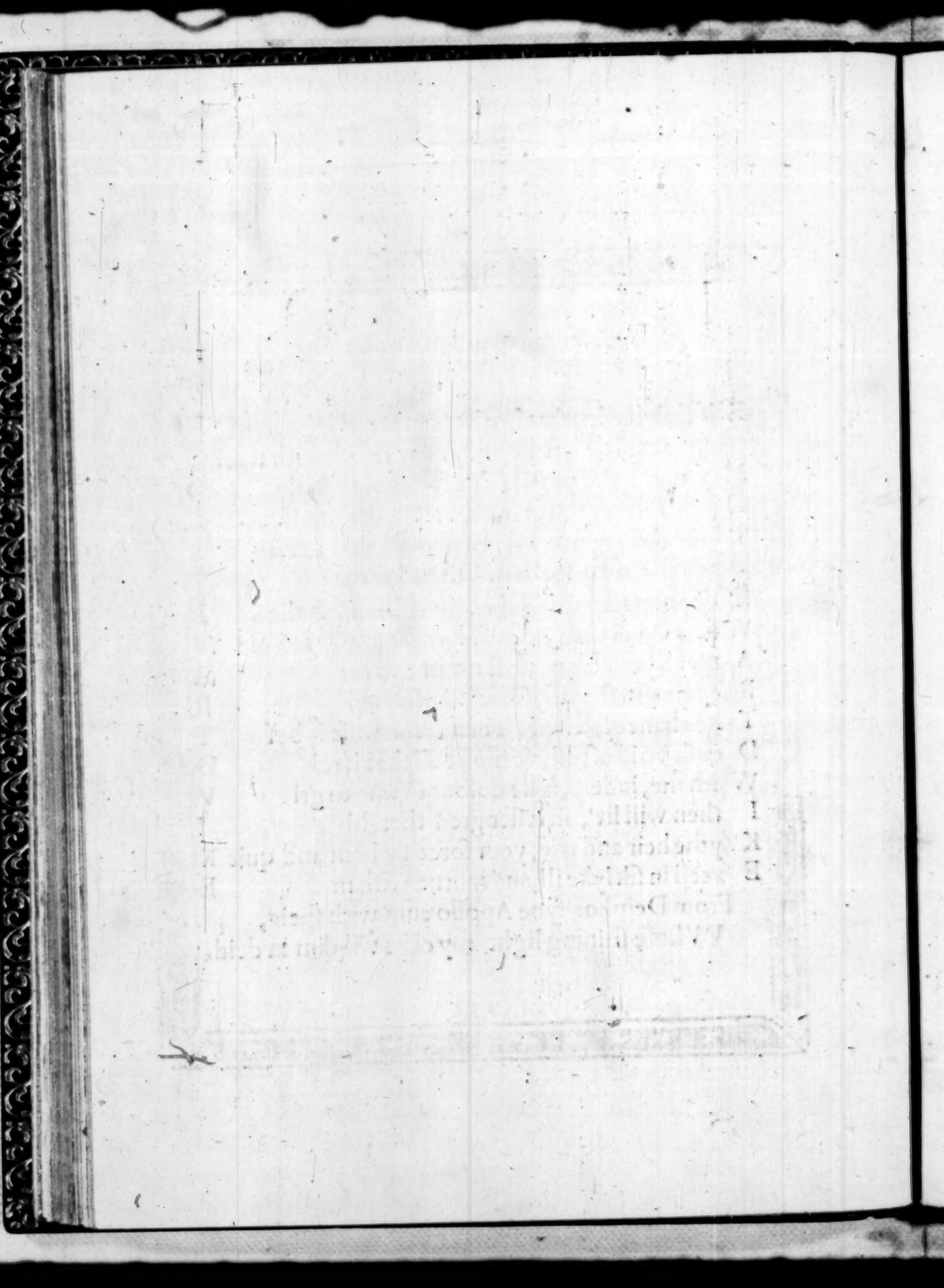
ANE METAPHORICALL
INVENTION OF A TRAGEDIE
CALLED PHOENIX.

A Colomne of 18 lynes seruing for a Preface
to the Tragedie ensuyng.

Elf
 Echo
 help, that both
 together we,
 Since cause there be, may
 now lament with tearis, My
 murnefull yearis. Ye furies als
 with him, Euen Pluto grim, who duells
 in dark, that he, Since cheif we se him
 to you all that bearis The style men fearis of
 Diræ, I request, Eche greizlie ghest that dwells
 beneth the see, With all yon thre, whose hairs are snaiks
 full blew, And all your crew, assist me in thir twa:
 Repeat and sha my Tragedie full neir, The
 chance fell heir. then secundlie is best, Deuills
 void of rest, ye moue all that it reid,
 With me in deid lyke dolour them
 to griv', I then will liv' in
 lesser greif therebj. Kyth
 heir and try your force
 ay bent and quick,
 Excell in
 sik like
 ill,
 and murne with
 me. From Delphos syne
 Apollo cum with speid: Whose
 shining light my cairis will dim in deid.

* The expansion of the
former Colomne.

E	lf Echo help, that both together w	E
(S	ince cause there be) may now lamét with teari	S
M	y murnefull yearis. Ye furies als with hi	M
E	uen Pluto grim, who dwels in dark, that h	E
S	ince cheif we se him to you all that beari	S
T	he style men fearis of Diræ: I request	T
E	che greizlie ghest, that dwells beneth the S	E
W	ith all yon thre, whose hairis ar snaiks full ble	W
A	nd all your crew, assit me in thir tw	A
R	epeit and sha my Tragedie full nei	R
T	he chance fell heir. Then secoundlie is bef	T
D	euils void of rest, ye moue all that it rei	D
W	ith me, indeid, lyke dolour thame to gri	V
I	then will liv', in lesser greif therebi	I
K	ythe heir and trie, your force ay bent and quic	K
E	xcell in sik lyke ill, and murne with m	E
	From Delphos syne Apollo cum with speid,	
	VVhose shining light, my cairs wil dim in deid.	



PHOENIX.

THE dyuers falls, that *Fortune* geuis to men,
By turning ouer her quheill to their annoy,
When I do heare the grudge, although they ken
That old blind *Dame*, delytes to let the ioy
Of all, suche is her vse, which dois conuoy
Her quheill by gess: not looking to the right,
Bot still turnis vp that pairt quhilk is too light.

Thus quhen I hard so many did complaine,
Some for the losse of worldly wealth and geir,
Some death of frends, quho can not come againe,
Some losse of health, which vnto all is deir,
Some losse of fame, which still with it dois beir
Ane greif to them, who mereits it indeid:
Yet for all thir appearis there some remeid.

For as to geir, lyke chance as made you want it,
Restore you may the same againe or mair.
For death of frends, although the same (I grant it)
Can noght returne, yet men are not so rair,
Bot ye may get the lyke. For seiknes fair
Your health may come: or to ane better place
Ye must. For fame, good deids will mend disgrace.

PHOENIX.

Then, fra I saw (as I already told)
How men complaind for things whilk might amend,
How *David Lindsay* did complaine of old
His *Papingo*, her death, and sudden end,
Ane common foule, whose kinde be all is kend.
All these hes moved me presently to tell
Ane Tragedie, in griefs thir to excell.

For I complaine not of sic common cace,
Which diuerfly by diuers means dois fall:
But I lament my *Phœnix* rare, whose race,
Whose kynde, whose kin, whose offspring, they be all
In her alone, whome I the *Phœnix* call.
That fowle which only one at onis did liue,
Not liues, alas! though I her praise reuiue.

In *Arabie* cald *Fœlix* was she bredd
This foule, excelling *Iris* farr in hew.
Whose body whole, with purpoure was owerdedd,
Whose taill of coulour was celestiall blew,
With skarlat pennis that through it mixed grew:
Her craig was like the yallowe burnisht gold,
And she her self thre hundreth yeare was old.

She

POHENIX.

She might haue liued as long againe and mair,
If fortune had not stayde dame *Nature* will:
Six hundreth yeares and fourtie was her scair,
Which *Nature* ordained her for to fulfill.
Her natiue soile she haunted euer still,
Except to *Egypt* whiles she tooke her course,
Wherethrough great *Nylus* down runs frō his source.

Like as ane hors, when he is barded haile,
An feathered pannach set vpon his heid,
Will make him seame more braue: Or to assaile
The enimie, he that the troupes dois leid,
Ane pannache on his hearme will set in deid:
Euen so, had *Nature*, to decore her face,
Giuen her anetap, for to augment her grace.

In quantitie, she dois resemble neare
Vnto the soule of mightie *love*, by name
The *AEgle* calld: oft in the time of yeare,
She vsde to soir, and flie through diuers realme,
Out through the *Azure* skyes, whill she did shame
The Sunne himself, her coulour was so bright,
Till he abashit beholding such a light.

PHOENIX.

Thus whill she vſde to ſcum the ſkyes about,
At laſt ſhe chanced to fore out ower the ſee
Calld *Mare Rubrum*: yet her courſe held out
Whill that ſhe paſt whole *Aſie*. Syne to flie
To *Europe* ſmall ſhe did reſolue: To drie
Her voyage out, at laſt, ſhe came in end
Into this land, ane ſtranger heir vnkend.

Ilk man did manuell at her forme moſt rare.
The winter came, and ſtorms cled all the feild:
Which ſtorms, the land of fruit and corne made bare,
Then did ſhe flie into an houſe for beild,
VVhich from the ſtorms might ſaue her as an ſheild.
There, in that houſe ſhe firſt began to tame,
I came, ſyne tooke her furth out of the ſame.

Fra I her gat, yet none could geſs what ſort
Of foule ſhe was, nor from what countrey cum:
Nor I my ſelf: except that be her port,
And gliſtring hewes I knew that ſhe was ſum
Rare ſtranger foule, which oft had vſde to ſcum
Through diuers lands, delyting in her flight;
VVhich made vs ſee, ſo ſtrange and rare a fight.

Till

PHOENIX.

Whill at the last, I chanced to call to minde
How that her nature, did resemble neir
To that of *Phœnix* which I red. Her kinde,
Her hewe, her shape, did mak it plaine appeir,
She was the same, which now was lighted heir.
This made me to esteeme of her the more,
Her name and rarenes did her so decore.

Thus being tamed, and throughly weill acquent.
She toke delyte (as she was wount before)
VVhat tyme that *Titan* with his beames vpsprent,
To take her flight, amongs the skyes to soire.
Then came to her of fowlis, a woundrous store
Of diuers kinds, some simple fowlis, some ill
And rauening fowlis, whilks simple onis did kill.

And euen as they do swarme about their king
The hunnie *Bees*, that works into the hyue:
VVhen he delyts furth of the skepps to spring,
Then all the leaue will follow him belyue,
Synce to be nixt him bissellie they striue:
So, all thir fowlis did follow her with beir,
For loue of her, fowlis rauening did no deir.

PHOENIX.

Such was the loue, and reuerence they her bure,
Ilk day whill euen, ay whill they shedd at night.
Fra time it darkned, I was euer sure
Of her returne, remaining whill the light,
And *Phæbus* ryfing with his garland bright.
Such was her trueth, fra time that she was tame,
She, who in brightnes *Titans* self did shame.

By vse of this, and hanting it, at last
She made the foules, fra time that I went out,
Aboue my head to flie, and follow fast
Her, who was chief and leader of the rout.
When it grew lait, she made them flie, but doubt,
Or feare, euen in the crosse with her of will,
Syne she her self, perkt in my chalmer still.

When as the countreys round about did heare
Of this her byding in this countrey cold,
Which not but hills, and darknes ay dois beare,
(And for this cause was *Scotia* calld of old,)
Her lyking here, when it was to them told,
And how she greind not to go backe againe:
The loue they bure her, turnd into disdaine.

PHOENIX.

Lo, here the fruits, whilks of *Inuy* dois breid,
To harme them all, who vertue dois embrace.
Lo, here the fruits, from her whilks dois proccid,
To harme them all, that be in better cace
Then others be. So followed they the trace
Of proud *Inuy*, thir countrey is lying neir,
That such a foule, should lyke to tary heir.

Whill Fortoun at the last, not onely moued
Inuy to this, which could her not content,
Whill that *Inuy*, did sease some foules that loued
Her anis as semed: but yet their ill intent
Kythed, when they saw all other foules still bent
To follow her, mis knowing them at all.
This made them worke her vnderferued fall.

Thir were the rauening fowls, whome of I spak
Before, the whilks (as I already shew)
Was wount into her presence to hald bak
Their crueltie, from simple ones, that flew
With her, ay whill *Inuy* all feare withdrew.
Thir ware, the *Rauin*, the *Stainchell*, & the *Gled*,
With others kynds, whome in this malice bred.

PHOENIX.

Fra*Malice* thus was rooted be *Inuy*,
In them as sone the awin effects diid shaw.
VVhich made them syne, vpon ane day, to spy
And wait till that, as she was wount, she flaw
Athort the skyes, syne did they neir her draw,
Among the other fowlis of dyuers kynds,
Although they ware farr dissonant in mynds.

For where as they ware wount her to obey,
Their mynde farr contrair then diid plaine appeare.
For then they made her as a commoun prey
To them, of whome she looked for no deare,
They strake at her so bitterly, whill feare
Stayde other fowlis to preis for to defend her
From thir ingrate, whilks now had clene miskend her.

W hen she could find none other saue refuge
From these their bitter straiks, she fled at last
To me (as if she wolde wishe me to iudge
The wrong they did her) yet they followed fast
Till she betuix my leggs her selfe did cast.
For sauing her from these, which her opprest,
VV hose hote pursute, her suffred not to rest.

PHOENIX.

But yet at all that servd not for remeid,
For nought theles, they spaird her not a haire.
In stede of her, yea whyles they made to bleid
My leggs: (so grew their malice mair and mair)
Which made her both to rage and to dispair,
First, that but cause they did her such dishort:
Nixt, that she laked help in any sort.

Then hauing tane ane dry and wethered stra,
In deip dispair, and in ane lofty rage
She sprang vp heigh, outfleing euery fa:
Syn to *Panchaia* came, to change her age
Vpon *Apolos* altar, to asswage
With outward fyre her inward raging fyre:
Which then was all her cheif and whole desyre.

Then being carefull, the event to know
Of her, who homeward had returnde againe
Where she was bred, where storms dois neuer blow,
Nor bitter blasts, nor winter snows, nor raine,
But sommer still: that countray doeth so staine
All realmes in fairnes. There in haste I sent,
Of her to know the yflew and event.

PHOENIX.

The messinger went there into sic haste,
As could permit the farrnes of the way,
By crosseing ower sa mony countreys waste
Or he come there. Syne with a lytle stay
Into that land, drew homeward euery day:
In his returne, lyke diligence he shew
As in his going there, through realmes anew.

Fra he returnd, then sone without delay
I speared at him, (the certeantie to try)
What word of *Phænix* which was flowen away?
And if through all the lands he could her spy,
Where through he went, I bad him not deny,
But tell the trueth, yea whither good or ill
Was come of her, to wit it was my will.

He tolde me then, how she flew bak againe,
Where fra she came. and als he did receit,
How in *Panchaia* toun, she did remaine
On *Phæbus* altar, there for to compleit
With *Thus* and *Myrrh*, and other odours sweit
Of flowers of dyuers kyndes, and of *Incens*
Her nest With that he left me in suspens.

Till

PHOENIX.

Till that I charged him no wayes for to spair,
Bot presently to tell me out the rest.
He tauld me then, How *Titans* garland thair
Inflamde be heate, reflexing on her nest,
The withered stra, which when she was opprest
Heir be yon fowlis, she bure ay whill she came
There, syne aboue her nest she laid the same.

And syne he tolde, how she had such desyre
To burne her self, as she sat downe therein.
Syne how the Sunne the withered stra did fyre,
Which brunt her nest, her fethers, bones, and skin
All turnd in ash. Whose end dois now begin
My woes: her death maks lyfe to greif in me.
She, whome I rew my eyes did euer see.

O deuills of darknes, contraire vnto light,
In *Phæbus* fowle, how could ye get such place,
Since ye are hated ay be *Phæbus* bright?
For still is sene his light dois darknes chace.
But yet ye went into that fowle, whose grace,
As *Phæbus* fowle, yet ward the Sunne him sell.
Her light his staine, whome in all light dois dwell.

PHOENIX.

And thou (ô *Phœnix*) why was thou so moued
Thow foule of light, be enemies to thee,
For to forget thy heauenly hewes, whilkis loued
Were baith by men and fowlis that did them see?
And syne in hewe of ashe that they sould bee
Conuerted all: and that thy goodly shape
In *Chaos* sould, and nought the fyre escape?

And thou (ô reuthles *Death*) sould thou deuore
Her? who not only passed by all mens mynde
All other fowlis in hew, and shape, but more
In rarenes (sen there was none of her kynde
But she alone) whome with thy stounds thou pynde:
And at the last, hath perced her through the hart,
But reuth or pitie, with thy mortall dart.

Yet worst of all, she liued not half her age.
Why stayde thou *Tyme* at least, which all dois teare
To worke with her? O what a cruell rage,
To cut her off, before her threid did weare!
VVherein all *Planets* keeps their course, that yeare
It was not by the half yet worne away,
VVhich sould with her haue ended on a day.

Then

PHOENIX.

Then fra thir newis, in sorrows soped haill,
Had made vs both a while to holde our peace,
Then he began and said, Pairt of my taill
Is yet vntolde, Lo here one of her race,
Ane worme bred of her ashe: Though she, alace,
(Said he) be brunt, this lacks but plumes and breath
To be lyke her, new gendred by her death.

L'envoy.

Apollo then, who brunt with thy reflex
Thine onely fowle, through loue that thou her bure,
Although thy fowle, (whose name doeth end in X)
Thy burning heat on nowayes could indure,
But brunt thereby: Yet will I the procure,
Late foe to *Phænix*, now her freind to be:
Reuiuing her by that which made her die.

Draw farr from heir, mount heigh vp through the air,
To gar thy heat and beames be law and neir.
That in this countrey, which is colde and bair,
Thy gliftring beames als ardent may appeir
As they were oft in *Arabie*: so heir
Let them be now, to mak ane *Phænix* new
Euen of this worme of *Phænix* ashe which grew.

PHOENIX.

This if thou dois, as sure I hope thou shall,
My tragedie a comike end will haue:
Thy work thou hath begun, to end it all.
Els made ane worme, to make her out the laue.
This Epitaphe, then beis on *Phænix* graue.

*Here lyeth, vvhome too euen be her death and end
Apollo hath a longer lyfe her send.*

FINIS.



A PARAPHRASTICALL
TRANSLATION OV T OF
THE PORTE LVCANE,

LV CANVS LIB.

QVINTO.

C*AEsaris an cursus vestra sentire putatis
Damnum posse fuga? Veluti si cuncta minentur
Flumina, quos miscent pelago, subducere fontes:
Non magis ablatiis vnquam decreverit aquor,
Quam nunc crescit aquis. An vos momenta putatis
Vlla dedisse mihi?*

If all the floods amongst them wold conclude
To stay their course from running in the see:
And by that means wold thinke for to delude
The *Ocean*, who sould impaired be,
As they supposde, beleuing if that he
Did lack their floods, he should decreesse him self:
Yet if we like the veritie to wye,
It pairs him nothing: as I shall you tell.

For out of him they are augmented all,
And most part creat, as ye shall perlaue:
For when the Sunne doth souk the vapours small
Forth of the seas, whilks them containe and haue,
A part in winde, in wete and raine the laue
He render dois: which doth augment their strands.
Of *Neptuns* woll a coate syne they him weaue,
By hurling to him fast out ower the lands.

LVCANVS LIB.V.

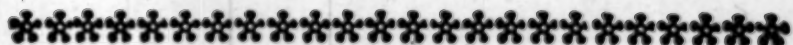
When all is done, do to him what they can
 None can perswade that they do swell him mair.
 I put the case then that they neuer ran:
 Yet not theless that could him nowise pair:
 VVhat needs he then to count it, or to cair,
 Except their folies wold the more be shawin?
 Sen though they stay, it harmes him not a hair,
 what gain they, thogh they had their course withdrawē?

So euen siclike: Though subiects do coniure
 For to rebell against their Prince and King:
 By leauing him although they hope to smure
 That grace, wherewith God maks him for to ring,
 Though by his gifts he shaw him selfe bening,
 To help their need, and make them thereby gaine:
 Yet lack of them no harme to him doth bring,
 VVhen they to rewe their folie shalbe faine.

L'enuoy.

Then *Floods* runne on your wounted course of olde,
 Which God by Nature dewly hes prouyded:
 For though ye stay, as I before haue tolde,
 And cast in doubt which God hath els decyded:
 To be conioynde, by you to be deuyded:
 To kythe your spite, & do the *Depe* no skaith:
 Farre better were in others ilk confyded,
 Ye *Floods*, thou *Depe*, whilks were your dewties baith.

FINIS.



ANE SCHORT

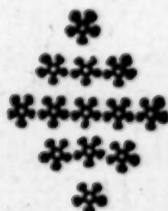
TREATISE,

CONTAINING SOME REVLIS

and cautelis to be obseruit and

eschewit in Scottis

Poesie.



K

A QVADRAIN OF ALEXANDRIN
VERSE, DECLARING TO QVHOME THE
Authour hes directit his labour.

*To ignorant obdurde, quhair vvilfull error lyes,
Nor zit to curious folks, quhilks carping dois deiect thee,
Nor zit to learned men, quha thinks thame onelie vuyis,
Bot to the docile bairns of knauvledge I direct thee.*



THE PREFACE TO *the Reader.*

THE cause why (docile Reader) I haue not dedicat this short treatise to any particular personis, (as commonly workis vsis to be) is, that I esteeme all thais quha hes already some beginning of knowlege, with ane earnest desyre to attayne to farther, alyke meit for the reading of this worke, or any vther, quhilk may help thame to the atteining to thair soirsaide desyre. Bot as to this work, quhilk is intitult, *The Reulis and caute-
lis to be obseruit & eschevuit in Scottis Poesie*, ze may maruell paraventure, quhairfore I sould haue writtin in that mater, sen sa mony learnit men, baith of auld and of late hes already written thair of in dyuers and findry languages: I answer, That nochtwithstanding, I haue lyke- wayis writtin of it, for twa caussis: The ane is, As for the that wrait of auld, lyke as the tyme is changeit sensyne, sa is the ordour of Poesie changeit. For then they obseruit not *Flourving*, nor eschewit not *Ryming in termes*, besydes findrie vther thingis, quhilk now we obserue, & eschew, and dois weil in sa doing: because that now, quhe the world is waxit auld, we haue all their opinionis in writ, quhilk were learned before our tyme, besydes our awin ingynis, quhair as they then did it onelic be thair

THE PREFACE.

awin ingynis, but help of any vther. Thairfore, quhat I speik of Poesie now, I speik of it, as being come to mannis age and perfectioun, quhair as then, it was bot in the infancie and chyldeheid. The vther cause is, That as for thame that hes written in it of late, there hes neuer ane of thame written in our language. For albeit sindrie hes written of it in English, quhilk is lykest to our language, zit we differ from thame in sindrie reulis of Poesie, as ze will find be experience I haue lykeway is omittit dyuers figures, quhilkis are necessare to be vsit in verse, for twa causis. The ane is, because they are vsit in all languages, and thairfore are spokin of be *Du Bellay*, and sindrie vtheris, quha hes writtē in this airt. Quhairfore gif I wrait of thame also, it sould seme that I did bot repete that, quhilk thay haue written, and zit not sa weil, as thay haue done already. The vther cause is, that they are figures of Rhetorique and Dialectique, quhilkis airtis I professe nocht, and thairfore will apply to my selfe the counsaile, quhilk *Apelles* gaue to the shoemaker, quhē he said to him, seing him find falt with the shankis of the Image of *Venus*, efter that he had found falt with the pantoun, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

I will also wish zow (docile Reidar) that or ze cūmer zow with reiding thir reulis, ze may find in zour self sic a beginning of Nature, as ze may put in practife in zour verse many of thir foirsaidis preceptis, or euer ze sie them as they are heir set down. For gif Nature be nocht the cheif worker in this airt, Reulis wil be bot a band to Nature,

THE PREFACE.

ture, and will mak zow within short space weary of the haill airt: quhair as, gif Nature be cheif, and bent to it, reulis will be ane help and staff to Nature. I will end heir, lest my preface be langer nor my purpose and haill mater following: wishing zow, docile Reidar, als gude succes and great proffeit by reiding this short treatise, as I tuke earnist and willing panis to blok it, as ze sie, for zour cause. Fare weill.

I Haue insert in the hinder end of this Treatise, maist kyndis of versis quhilks are not cuttit or brokin, bot alyke many feit in euerie lyne of the verse, and how they are commounly namit, with my opinioun for quhat subiectis ilk kynde of thir verse is meitest to be vsit.

TO know the quantitie of zour lang or short fete in they lynes, quhuik I haue put in the reule, quhilke teachis zow to know quhat is *Flowring*, I haue markit the lang fute with this mark, — and abone the heid of the shorte fute, I haue put this mark *u*.



6

SONNET OF THE AVTHOVR
TO THE READER.

S En for zour saik I vuryte vpon zour airt,
Apollo, Pan, and ze ô Musis myne,
And thou, ô Mercure, for to help thy pairt
I do implore, sen thou be thy ingyne,
Nixt efter Pan had found the quhissill, syne
Thou did perfyte, that quhilk he bot espyt:
And efter that made Argus for to tyme
(quha kepit lo) all his vvindois by it.
Concurre ze Gods, it can not be denyt:
Sen in your airt of Poësie I vuryte.
Auld birds to learne by teiching it is tryt:
Sic docens discam gif ze help to dyte.
Then Reidar sie of nature thou haue pairt,
Syne laikis thou nôcht, bot heir to reid the airt.

SONNET DECIFRING
THE PERFYTE POETE.

*A*Ne rype ingyne, ane quick and vvalkned vvitt,
VVith sommair reasons, suddenlie applyit,
For euery purpose vsing reasons fitt,
VVith skilfulnes, vvhere learning may be spyit,
With pithie vvordis, for to expresse you by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairof, vveill hes he tryit:
With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid,
With skilfulnes and figuris, quhilks proceed
From Rhetorique, vvith euerlasting fame,
With vthers vvoundring, preassing vvith all speid
For to atteine to merite sic a name.
All thir into the perfyte Poëte be.
Goddis, grant I may obtaine the Laurell tree.



THE REVLIS AND CAV-

TELIS TO BE OBSERVIT

and eschewit in Scottis

Poesie.

CAP. I.



IRST, ze sall keip iust cullouris,
quhairof the cautelis are thir.

That ze ryme nocht twyse in
ane syllabe. As for exemple, that ze
make not *prone* and *reprone* ryme to-
gether, nor *hone* for houeing on hors
bak, and *behoue*.

That ze ryme ay to the hinmest lang syllabe, (with ac-
cent) in the lyne, suppose it be not the hinmest syllabe in
the lyne, as *bakbyte zovv*, & *out flyte zovv*, It rymes in
byte & *flyte*, because of the lenth of the syllabe, & accent
being there, and not in *zovv*, howbeit it be the hinmest
syllabe of ather of the lynis. Or *question* and *digestion*,
It rymes in *ques* & *ges*, albeit they be bot the antepenult
syllabis, and vther twa behind ilkane of thame.

Ze aucht alwayis to note, That as in thir foirlaidis, or
the lyke wordis, it rymes in the hinmest lang syllabe in
the lyne, althocht there be vther short syllabis behind
it, Sa is the hinmest lang syllabe the hinmest fute, sup-
pose there be vther short syllabis behind it, quhilkis are
catin vp in the pronounceing, and na wayis comptit as
fetc.

L

REVLIS AND CAUTELIS

Ze man be war likewayis (except necessitie compell yow) with *Ryming in Terms*, quhilk is to say, that your first or hinmest word in the lyne, exceid not twa or thre syllabis at the maist, vsing thrie als seindill as ye can. The cause quhairfore ze fall not place a lang word first in the lyne, is, that all lang words hes ane syllabe in them sa verie lang, as the lenth thair of eatis vp in the pronouncing euin the vther syllabes, quhilks ar placit lang in the same word, and thairfore spillis the flowing of that lyne. As for exēple, in this word, *Arabia*, the second syllabe (*ra*) is sa lang, that it eatis vp in the prononcing [*a*] quhilk is the hinmest syllabe of the same word. Quhilk [*a*] althocht it be in a lang place, zit it kythis not sa, because of the great lenth of the preceding syllabe (*ra*). As to the cause quhy ze fall not put a lang word hinmest in the lyne, It is, because, that the lenth of the secound syllabe (*ra*) eating vp the lenth of the vther lang syllabe, [*a*] makis it to serue bot as a tayle vnto it, together with the short syllabe preceding. And because this tayle nather seruiss for cullour nor sute; as I spak before, it man be thairfore repetit in the nixt lyne ryming vnto it, as it is set doune in the first: quhilk makis, that ze will scarcely get many wordis to ryme vnto it, zea, nane at all will ze finde to ryme to findrie vther langer wordis. Thairfore cheifly be warre of inserting sic lang wordis hinmest in the lyne, for the cause quhilk I last allegit. Besydis that nather first nor last in the lyne, it keipis na *Flowving*. The reulis & cautelis quhair of are thir, as followis.

CHAR.

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

CHAP. II.

FIRST, ze man vnderstād that all syllabis are deuydit in thrie kindes: That is, some schort, some lang, and some indifferent. Be indifferent I meane, thay quhilk are ather lang or short, according as ze place thame.

The forme of placing syllabes in verse, is this. That zour first syllabe in the lyne be short, the second lang, the thrid short, the fourt lang, the fyft short, the sixt lang, and sa furth to the end of the lyne. Alwayis tak heid, that the number of zour fete in euery lyne be euin, & nocht odde: as four, six, aucht, or ten: & not thrie, fyue, seuin, or nyne, except it be in broken verse, quhilkis are out of reul and daylie inuentit be dyuers Poetis. Bot gif ze wald ask me the reulis, quhairby to know euerie ane of thir thre foirsaidis kyndis of syllabes, I answer, Zour eare man be the onely iudge and discerner thair of. And to proue this, I remit to the iudgement of the same, quhilk of thir twa lynis following flowis best,

Into the Seathen Lucifer vpsprang.

In the Seathen Lucifer to vpsprang.

I doubt not bot zour eare makkis zou easilie to persauie, that the first lyne flowis weil, & the vther nathing at all. The reasoun is, because the first lyne keips the reule abone written, To wit, the first fete short, the secound lang, and sa furth, as I shewe before: quhair as the vther is direct contrair to the same. Bot specially tak heid, quhen

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

zour lyne is of fourtene, that zour *Section* in aucht be a lang monosyllabe, or ellis the hinmest syllabe of a word alwais being lang, as I said before. The cause quhy it mā be ane of thir twa, is, for the Musique, because that quhen zour lyne is ather of xiiij or xij fete, it wilbe drawin sa lang in the singing, as ze man rest in the middes of it, quhilk is the *Section*: sa as, gif zour *Section* be nocht ather a monosyllabe, or ellis the hinmest syllabe of a word, as I said before, bot the first syllabe of a polysyllabe, the Musique fall make zow sa to rest in the middes of that word, as it fall cut the ane half of the word fra the vther, and sa fall mak it seme twa different wordis, that is bot ane. This aucht onely to be obseruit in thir soir-said lang lynis: for the shortnes of all shorter lynis, then thir before mentionat, is the cause, that the Musique makis na rest in the middes of thame, and thairfore thir obseruationis seruis nocht for thame. Onely tak heid, that the *Section* in thame kythe something langer nor any vther feit in that lyne, except the secound and the last, as I haue said before.

Ze man tak heid lykewayis, that zour langest lynis exceid nocht fourtene fete, and that zour shortest be nocht within foure.

Remember also to mak a *Section* in the middes of eucry lyne, quether the lyne be lang or short. Be *Section* I mean, that gif zour lyne be of fourtene fete, zour aucht fute, man not only be langer then the seuint, or vther short fete, bot also langer nor any vther lang fete in
the

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

thesame lyne, except the secound and the hinmest. Or gif your lyne be of twelf fete, your *Sectionn* to be in the sext. Or gif of ten, your *Sectionn* to be in the sext also.

The cause quhy it is not in fyue, is, because fyue is odde, and euerie odde fute is short. Or gif your lyne be of aucht fete, your *Sectionn* to be in the fourt. Gif of sex, in the fourt also. Gif of four, your *Sectionn* to be in twa.

Ze aucht likewise be war with oft composing your haill lynis of monosyllabis onely, (albeit our language haue sa many, as we can nocht weill eschewe it) because the maist pairt of thame are indifferent, and may be in short or lang place, as ze like. Some wordis of dyuers syllabis are likewayis indifferent, as

Thairfore, restore.

I thairfore, then.

In the first, *thairfore*, (*thair*) is short, and (*fore*) is lang: In the vther, (*thair*) is lang, & (*fore*) is short, and zit baith flowis alike weill. Bot thir indifferent wordis, composit of dyuers syllabes, are rare, suppose in monosyllabes, cōmoun. The cause then, quhy ane haill lyne aucht nocht to be composit of monosyllabes only, is, that they being for the maist pairt indifferent, nather the secound, hinmest, nor *Sectionn*, will be langer nor the other lang fete in the same lyne. Thairfore ze man place a word cōposit of dyuers syllabes, and not indifferent, ather in the secound, hinmest, or *Sectionn*, or in all thrie.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

Ze man also tak heid, that quhen thare fallis any short syllabis efter the last lang syllabe in the lyne, that ze repeat thame in the lyne quhilk rymis to the vther, evin as ze set them downe in the first lyne: as for exempill, ze man not say

*Then feir noch
Nor heir ocht.*

Bot

*Then feir noch
Nor heir noch.*

Repeting the same, *nocht*, in baith the lynis: because this syllabe, *nocht*, nather serving for cullour nor fute, is bot a tayle to the lang fute preceding, and thairfore is repetit lykewayis in the nixt lyne, quhilk rymes vnto it, evin as it set down in the first.

There is also a kynde of indifferent wordis, asweill as of syllabis, albeit few in nomber. The nature quhair of is, that gif ze place thame in the beginning of a lyne, they are shorter be a fute, nor they are, gif ze place thame hinneft in the lyne, as

*Sen patience I man haue perforce.
I live in hope vvith patience.*

Ze se there are bot aucht fete in ather of baith thir lynis aboue written. The cause quhair of is, that, *patience*, in the first lyne, in respect it is in the beginning thair of, is bot of twa fete, and in the last lyne, of thrie, in respect

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

respect it is the hirmest word of that lyne. To knaw & discern thir kynde of wordis frō vtheris, zour careman be the onely iudge, as of all the vther parts of *Flowving*, the verie twichestane quhairof is Musique.

I haue teachit zow now shortly the reulis of *Ryming*, *Fete*, and *Flowving*. There restis yet to teache zow the wordis, sentences, and phrasis necessair for a Poete to vse in his verse, quhilk I haue set down in reulis, as efter followis.

CHAP. III.

FIRST, that in quhatsumeuer ze put in verse, ze put in na wordis, ather *metri causa*, or zit, for filling furth the number of the fete, bot that they be all sa necessaire, as ze sould be constrainit to vse thame, in cace ze were speiking the same purpose in prose. And thairfore that zour wordis appeare to haue cum out willingly, and by nature, and not to haue bene thrawn out constrainedly, be compulsioun.

That ze eschew to insert in zour verse, a lang rable of mennis names, or names of tounis, or sik vther names. Because it is hard to mak many lang names all placit together, to flow weill. Thairfore quhen that fallis out in zour purpose, ze sall ather put bot twa or thrie of thame in euerie lyne, mixing vther wordis amang thame, or ellis specifie bot twa or thre of thame at all, saying (*VVith the laif of that race*) or (*VVith the rest in thay pairtis*), or sic vther lyke wordis: as for exemple,

REVLIS AND CAYTELIS

*Out through his cair, quhair Eous vvas eik
VVith other thre, quhilk Phaëton had drawin.*

Ze sie thair is bot ane name there specifeit, to serue for
vther thrie of that sorte.

Ze man also take heid to frame zour wordis and sen-
tencis according to the mater: As in Flyting and Inue-
ctiues, zour wordis to be cuttit short, and hurland ouer
heuch. For thais quhilkis are cuttit short, I meane be sic
wordis as thir,

Iis neir cair

for

I fall neuer cair, gif zour subiect
were of loue, or tragedies. Because in thame zour words
man be drawin lang, quhilkis in Flyting man be short.

Ze man lykewayis tak heid, that ze waill zour wor-
dis according to the purpose: As, in ane heich and learnit
purpose, to vse heich, pithie, and learnit wordis.

Gif zour purpose be of loue, To vse commoun lan-
guage, with some passionate wordis.

Gif zour purpose be of tragicall materis, To vse la-
mentable wordis, with some heich, as rauishit in admi-
ratioun.

Gif zour purpose be of landwart effairis, To vse cor-
ruptit and vplandis wordis.

And finally, quhatsumeuer be zour subiect, to vse vo-
cabula artis, quhairby ze may the mair viuelie represent
that persoun, quhais pairt ze paint out.

This is likewayis neidfull to be vsit in sentences, als
weill

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

weill as in wordis. As gif zour subiect be heich and learnit, to vse learnit and infallible reasonis, prouin be necessities.

Gif zour subiect be of loue, To vse wilfull reasonis, proceeding rather from passion, nor reason.

Gif zour subiect be of landwart effaris, To vse skender reasonis, mixt with grosse ignorance, nather keiping forme nor ordour. And sa furth, euer framing zour reasonis, according to the qualitie of zour subiect.

Let all zour verse be *Literall*, sa far as may be, quhatsumeuir kynde they be of, bot speciallic *Tumbling* verse for flyting. Be *Literall* I meane, that the maist pairt of zour lyne, fall rynne vpon a letter, as this tumbling lyne rynnis vpon F.

Fetching fude for to feid it fast furth of the Farie.

Ze man obserue that thir *Tumbling* verse flowis not on that fassoun, as vtheris dois. For all vtheris keipis the reule quhilk I gaue before, To wit, the first fute short the secound lang, and sa furth. Quhair as thir hes twa short, and ane lang through all the lyne, quhen they keip ordour: albeit the maist pairt of thame be out of ordour, & keipis na kynde nor reule of *Flowring*, & for that cause are callit *Tumbling* verse: except the short lynes of aucht in the hinder end of the verse, the quhilk flowis as vther verses dois, as ze will find in the hinder end of this buke, quhair I giue exemple of sundrie kyndis of versis.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS
CHAP. IIII.

MARK also thrie speciall ornamentis to verse, quhilkis are, *Comparisons*, *Epithetis*, and *Proverbis*.

As for *Comparisons*, take heid that they be sa proper for the subiect, that nather they be ouer bas, gif zour subiect be heich, for then sould zour subiect disgrace zour *Comparisoun*, nather zour *Comparisoun* be heich quhen zour subiect is basse, for then sall zour *Comparisoun* disgrace zour subiect. Bot let sic a mutuall correspondence and similitude be betwix thē, as it may appeare to be a meit *Comparisoun* for sic a subiect, and sa sall they ilkane decore vther.

As for *Epithetis*, It is to descryue brieflie, *en passant*, the naturall of euerie thing ze speik of, be adding the proper adiectiue vnto it, quhairof there are twa fassons. Theane is, to descryue it, be making a corruptit worde, composit of twa dyuers simple wordis, as

• *Apollogyde-Sunne*

The vther fasson, is, be *Circumlocution*, as

Apollo reutar of the Sunne,

I esteeme this last fassoun best, Because it expressis the authouris meaning als weill as the vther, and zit makis na corruptit wordis, as the vther dois.

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

As for the *Prouerbis*, they man be proper for the subiect, to beautifie it, chosen in the same forme as the *Comparisoun*.

CHAP. V.

IT is also meit, for the better decoratioun of the verse to vse sumtyme the figure of Repetitioun, as

Quhyllis ioy rang,

Quhyllis noy rang. &c.

Ze sie this word *quhyllis* is repetit heir. This forme of repetitioun sometymē vsit, decoris the verse very mekle: zea quhen it cūmis to purpose, it will be cumly to repete sic a word aucht or nyne tymes in a verse.

CHAP. VI.

ZE man also be warre with composing ony thing in the same maner, as hes bene ower oft vsit of before. As in speciall, gif ze speik of loue, be warre ze descryue zour *Loues* makdome, or her fairnes. And siclyke that ze descryue not the morning, and rysing of the Sunne, in the Preface of zour verse: for thir thingis are sa oft and dyuerslie writtin vpon be Poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin *Inuensioun*, quhilk is ane of the cheif properteis of ane Poete.

M. ij.

REVLIS AND CAUTELIS

Thairfore gif your subiect be to prayse your *Loue*, ze fall rather prayse hir vther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, or hir shaip: or ellis ze fall speik some lytill thing of it, and syne say, that your wittis are so smal, and your vtterāce so barren, that ze can not discryue any part of hir worthelie: remitting alwayis to the Reider, to iudge of hir, in respect sho matches, or rather excellis *Venus*, or any woman, quhome to it fall please zow to compaire her. Bot gif your subiect be sic, as ze man speik some thing of the morning, or Sunne ryng, tak heid, that quhat name ze giue to the Sunne, the Mone, or vther starris, the ane tyme, gif ze happin to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the Sunne *Titan*, at a tyme, to call him *Phæbus* or *Apollo* the vther tyme, and siclyke the Mone, and yther Planettis.

CHAP. V II.

BO T sen *Inuention*, is ane of the cheif vertewis in a Poete, it is best that ze inuent your awin subiect, your self, and not to compose of sene subiectis. Especially, translating any thing out of vther language, quhilk doing, ze not onely essay not your awin ingyne of *Inuention*, bot be the same meanes, ze are bound, as to a staik, to follow that buikis phrasis, quhilk ze translate.

Ze man also be war of wryting any thing of materis of cōmoun weill, or vther sic graue sene subiectis (except
Meta-

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

Metaphorically, of manifest treuth opinly knawin, zit nochtwithstanding vsing it very seindil) because nocht onely ze essay nocht zour awin *Inuention*, as I spak before, bot lyke way is they are to graue materis, for a Poet to mell in. Bot because ze can not haue the *Inuention* except it come of Nature, I remit it thairvnto, as the cheif cause, not onely of *Inuention*, bot also of all the vther pairtis of Poesie. For airt is onely bot ane help and a remembraunce to Nature, as I shewe zow in the Preface.

CHAP. VIII. tuiching the kyndis of versis,
mentionat in the Preface.

FIRST, there is ryme quhilk seruis onely for lang histo-
reis, and zit are nocht verse. As for exemple,

*In Maii vwhen that the blissefull Phæbus bricht,
The lamp of ioy, the heauens gemme of licht,
The goldin cairt, and the etheriall King,
With purpoure face in Orient dois spring,
Maist angel-lyke ascending in his sphere,
And birds vwith all thair heauenlie voces cleare
Dois mak a suveit and heauinly harmony,
And fragrant flours dois spring up lustely:
Into this season suveitest of delyte,
To vvalk I had a lusty appetyte.*

And sa furth.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

¶ For the descriptioun of Heroique actis, Martiall and knightly faittis of armes, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Heroicall*, As

*Meik mundane mirrour, myrrie and modest,
Blyth, kynde, and courtes, comelie, cleane, and cheft,
To all exemple for thy honestie,
As richest rose, or rubie, by the rest,
With gracie graue, and gesture maist digest,
Ay to thy honnour alwayis hauing eye.
Were fasons sliemde, they might be found in the:
Of blissings all, be blyth, thouv hes the best,
With euerie berne belouit for to be.*

¶ For any heich & graue subiectis, specially drawin out of learnit authouris, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Ballat Royal*, as

*That nicht he ceist, and vvent to bed, bot greind
Zit fast for day, and thocht the nicht to lang:
At last Diana down her head recleind,
Into the sea. Then Lucifer vpsprang,
Auroras post, vvhome sho did send amang
The leittie cludds, for to foretell ane hour,
Before sho stay her tears, quhilk Ouide sang
Fell for her loue, quhilk turnit in a flour.*

¶ For tragicall materis, complaintis, or testamentis, vse
this

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this kynde of verse following, callit *Troilus* verse, as

*To thee Echo, and thou to me agane,
In the desert, amangs the woods and wells,
Quhair destinie hes bound the to remane,
But company, within the firths and fells,
Let vs complein, with wofull zowts and zells,
A shaft, a shotter, that our harts hes slane:
To thee Echo, and thou to me agane.*

¶ For flyting, or Inuestiues, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Rouncefalis* or *Tumbling* verse.

*In the hinder end of haruest upon Alhaliove ene,
Quhen our gude nichtbors rydis (nou gif I reid richt)
Some bucklit on a benwood, & some on a bene,
Ay trottand into troupes fra the twylicht:
Some sadland a sho ape, all grathed into grene:
Some hotcheand on a hemp stalk, howand on a heicht.
The king of Fary with the Court of the Elf quene,
With many elrage Incubus rydand that nicht:
There ane elf on ane ape ane unsell begat:
Besyde a pot baith auld and vvorne,
This bratshard in ane bus was borne:
They fand a monster on the morne,
Vvar facit nor a Cat.*

¶ For compendious prayfing of any bukes, or the authoris thair of, or ony argumentis of vther historeis, quhair sundrie sentences, and change of purposis are re-

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

quyrit, vse *Sonet* verse, of fourtene lynis, and ten fete in euery lyne. The exemple quhairof, I neid nocht to shaw zow, in respect I haue set down twa in the beginning of this treatise.

¶ In materis of loue, vse this kynde of verse, quhilk we call *Commoun* verse, as

*Quhais ansvver made thame nocht sa glaid
That they sould thus the victors be,
As euen the ansvver quhilk I haid
Did greatly ioy and confort me:
Quhen lo, this spak Apollo myne,
All that thou seikis, it sall be thyne.*

¶ Lyke verse of ten fete, as this foirsaid is of aucht, ze may vse lykewayis in loue materis: as also all kyndis of cuttit and brokin verse, quhairof new formes are daylie inuentit according to the Poëtis pleasour, as

*Quha vvald haue tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
Throusch schouting of the Larkis?
They sprang sa heich into the skyes
Quhill Cupide vwalknis vvith the cryis
Of Naturis chapell Clarkis.
Then leauing all the Heauins aboue
He lichter on the eard.*

Lo!

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

Lo. how that lytill God of loue.

Before me then appeared,

So myld-lyke

And chylde-lyke

With bow thre quarters skant

So moylie

And coylie

He lukit lyke a Sant.

And sa furth.

¶ This onely kynde of brokin verse abone writtin, man of necessitie, in thir last short fete, as *so moylie and coylie*, haue bot twa fete and a tayle to ilkane of thame, as ze sie, to gar the cullour and ryme be in the penult syllabe.

¶ Any of thir foirsaidis kyndes of ballatis of haill verse, and not cuttit or brokin as this last is, gif ze lyke to put ane owerword till ony of thame, as making the last lyne of the first verse, to be the last lyne of euerie vther verse in that ballat, will set weill for loue materis.

Bot besydis thir kyndes of brokin or cuttit verse, quhilks ar inuentit daylie be Poetis, as I shewe before, there are sindrie kyndes of haill verse, with all thair lynis alyke lang, quhilk I haue heir omittit, and tane bot

oneli thir few kyndes abone specifeit

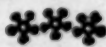
as the best, quhilk may be ap-

plyit to ony kynde of

subiect,

bot rather to thir, quhairof

I haue spokin before.



N



* THE CIIII. PSALME,
TRANSLATED OUT OF
TREMELLIUS.

PSALME CIIII.

O Lord inspyre my spreit and pen, to praise
 Thy Name, whose greatnes farr surpassis all:
 That syne, I may thy gloir and honour blaise,
 Which cleithis the ouer: about the lyke a wall
 The light remainis. O thow, whose charge and call
 Made Heauens lyke courtenis for to spred abreid,
 Who bowed the waters so, as serue they shall
 For cristall syilring ouer thy house to gleid.

Who walks vpon the wings of restles winde,
 Who of the clouds his chariot made, euen he,
 Who in his presence still the spreits doeth find,
 Ay ready to fulfill ilk iust decrē
 Of his, whose seruants fyre and flammis they be.
 Who set the earth on her fundacions sure,
 So as her brangling none shall euer see:
 Who at thy charge the deip vpon her bure.

So, as the very tops of mountains hie
 Be fluidis were onis ouerflowed at thy command,
 Ay whill thy thundring voice sone made them flie
 Ower hiddeous hills and hows, till nocht but sand
 Was left behind, syne with thy mightie hand
 Thow limits made vnto the roring deip.
 So shall she neuer droun againe the land,
 But brek her waves on rockis, her mairech to keip.

N. iij.

PSALME C IIII.

Thir are thy workis, who maid the strands to breid,
 Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,
 Whairto wyld Asses oft dois rinn with speid,
 With vther beasts to drinke. Hard by we heir
 The chirping birds among the leaues, with beir
 To sing, whil all the rocks about rebounde.
 A woundrous worke, that thow, ô Father deir,
 Maks throatts so small yeild furth so great a sounde!

O thow who from thy palace oft letts fall
 (For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine:
 Who with thy works mainteins the earth and all:
 Who maks to grow the herbs and grafs to gaine.
 The herbs for foode to man, grafs dois remaine
 For food to horse, and cattell of all kynde.
 Thow causest them not pull at it in vaine,
 But be thair foode. such is thy will and mynde.

Who dois reioyse the hart of man with wyne,
 And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,
 And who with foode his stomack strenghtnes syne,
 who nurishes the very treis aright.
 The *Cedars* evin of *Liban* tale and wight
 He planted hath, where birds do bigg their nest.
 He maid the *Firr* treis of a woundrous hight,
 Where *Storks* dois mak thair dwelling place, & rest.
 Thow

PSALME CIIII.

Thow made the barren hills, wylde goats refuge.
 Thow maid the rocks, a residence and rest
 For *Alpin* rats, where they doe liue and ludge.
 Thow maid the *Moone*, her course, as thou thought best.
 Thow maid the *Sunne* in tyme go to, that lest
 He still shoulde shyne, then night shoulde neuer come.
 But thow in ordour all things hes so drest,
 Some beafts for day, for night are also some.

For Lyons young at night beginnis to raire,
 And from their denns to craue of God some pray:
 Then in the morning, gone is all their caire,
 And homeward to their caues rinnis fast, fra day
 Beginne to kythe, the *Sunne* dois so them fray.
 Then man gois furth, fra tyme the *Sunne* dois ryse,
 And whill the euening he remanis away
 At lesume labour, where his liuing lyes.

How large and mightie are thy workis, ô Lord!
 And with what wisedome are they wrought, but faile.
 The earths great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde
 Dois beare: Heirot the Seas (which dyuers skaille
 Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare: Ilk faile
 Of dyuers ships vpon the swelling wawes
 Dois testifie, as dois the monstros whaile,
 Who frayis all fishes with his ravening lawes.

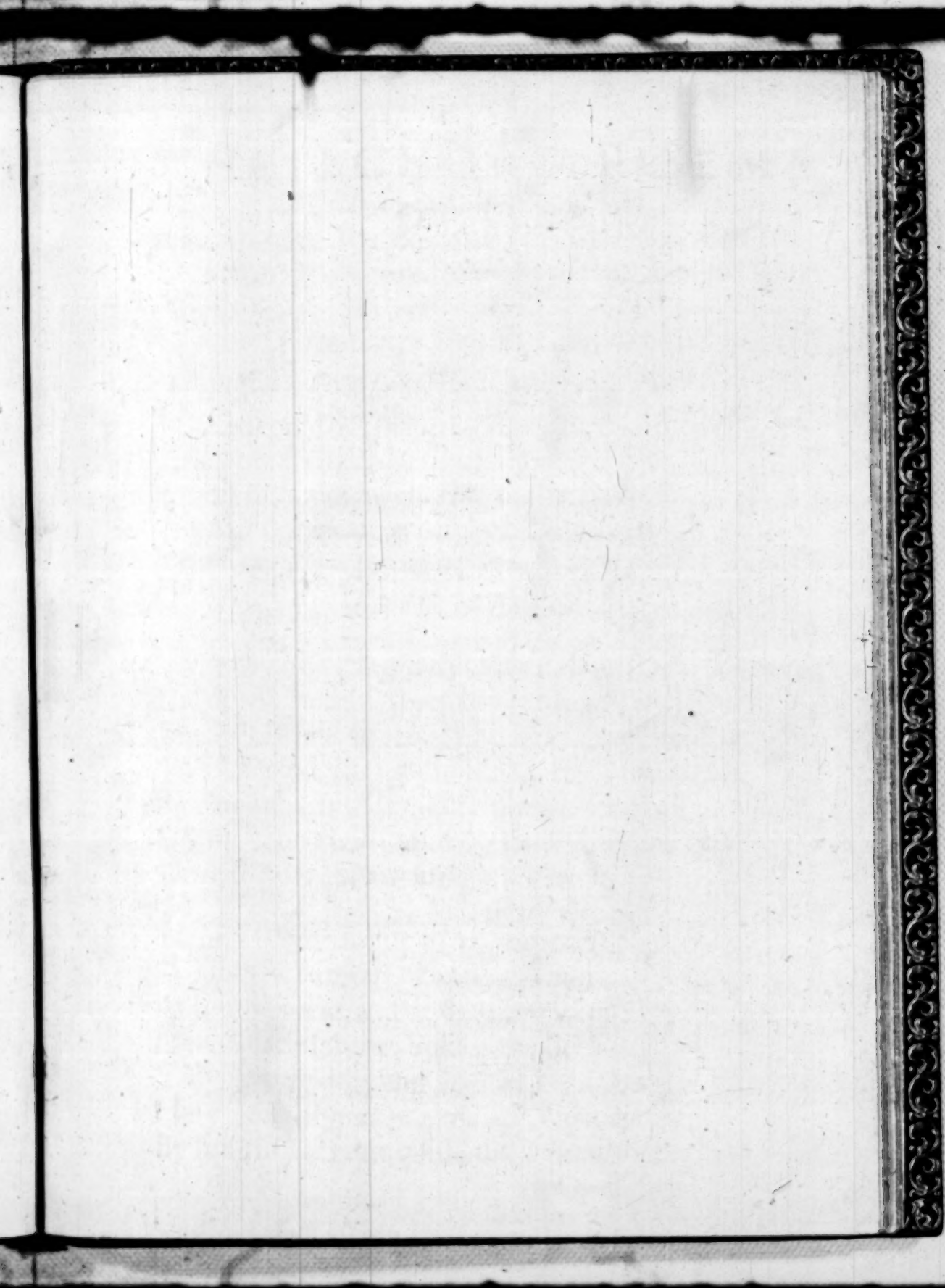
PSALME CIIII.

All thir (ô Lord) yea all this woundrous heape
Of liuing things, in season craues their fill
Of foode from thee. Thow giuing, Lord, they reape:
Thy open hand with gude things fills them still
When so thow list: but contrar, when thow will
Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled fair,
Their breath by thee receavd, sone dois them kill:
Synce they retorne into their ashes bair.

But notwithstanding, Father deare, in cace
Thow breath on them againe, then they reviuue.
In short, thow dois, ô Lord, renewe the face
Of all the earth, and all that in it liue.
Therefore immortall praise to him we giue:
Let him reioyse into his works he maid,
Whose looke and touche, so hills and earth dois greiue,
As earth dois tremble, mountains reikis, afraid.

To *Iehoua* I all my lyfe shall sing,
To sound his Name I euer still shall cair:
It shall be sweit my thinking on that King:
In him I shall be glaid for euer mair:
O let the wicked be into no whair
In earth. O let the sinfull be destroyde.
Blesse him my soule who name *Iehoua* bair:
O blesse him now with notts that are enioyde.

Hallelu-iah.



ANE SCHORT POEME OF TYME.



AS I was panſing in a morning,aire,
And could not ſleip, nor nawayis take me reſt,
Furth for to walk, the morning was ſa faire,
Athort the feilds, it ſemed to me the beſt.
The *East* was cleare, whereby belyue I geſt
That fyrie *Titan* cumming was in ſight,
Obscuring chaſt *Diana* by his light.

VWho by his ryſing in the *Azure* ſkyes,
Did dewlie helſe all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
VWhich made the ſoile to ſauour ſweit and ſmell,
By dewe that on the night before downe fell,
VWhich then was ſoukit by the *Delphienns* heit
Vp in the aire : it was ſo light and weit.

Whoſe hie aſcending in his purpoure Sphere
Prouoked all from *Morpheus* to flee:
As beaſts to ſeid, and birds to ſing with beir,
Men to their labour, biſſie as the Bee:
Yet ydle men deuyſing did I ſee,
How for to dryue the tyme that did them irk,
By ſindrie paſtymes, quhill that it grew mirk.

TYME.

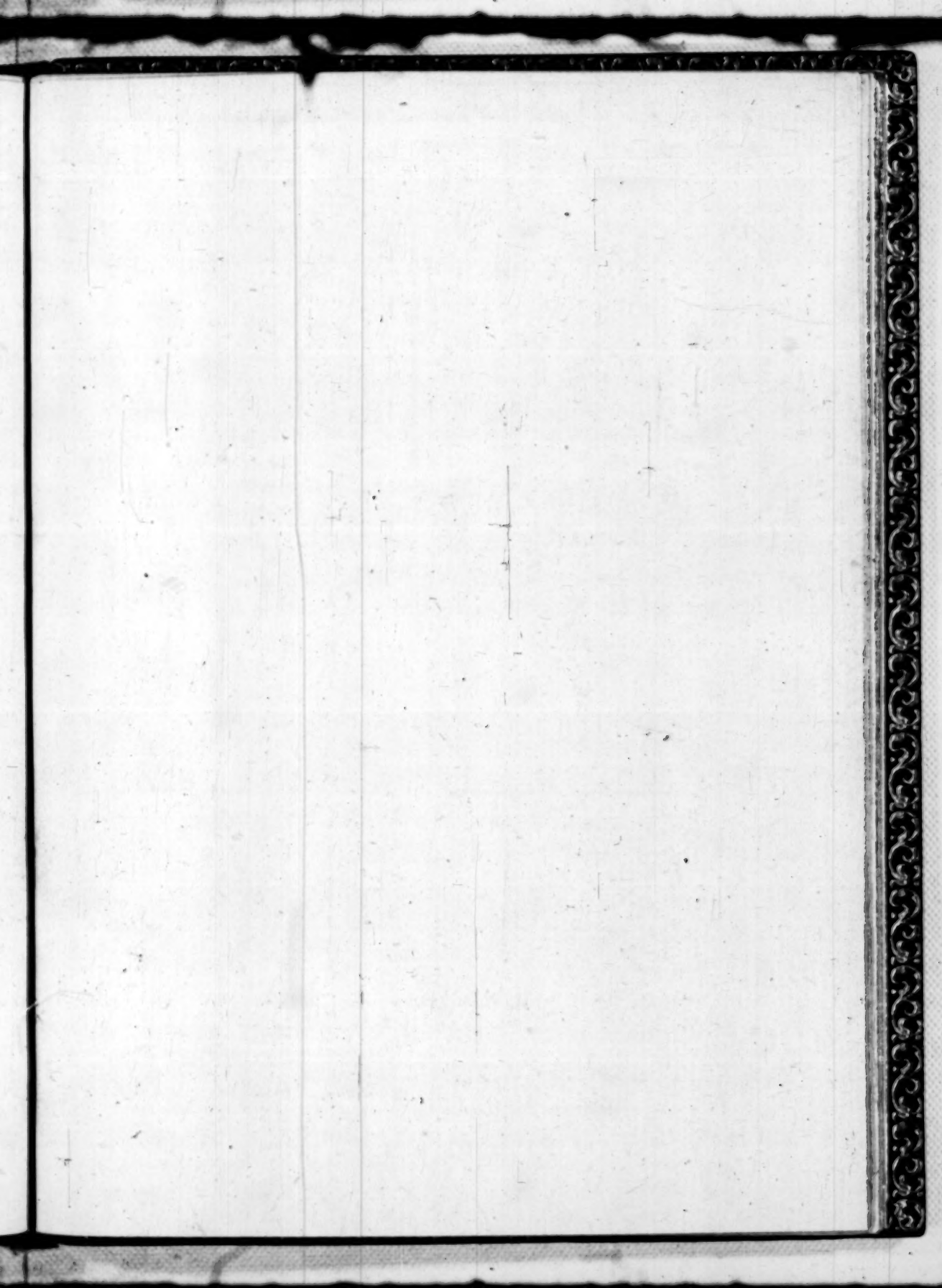
Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle,
So willinglie the precious tyme to tyme:
And how they did them selfis so farr begyle,
To fashe of tyme, which of it selfe is fyne.
Fra tyme be past, to call it bakwart fyne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which giues him dayis his God aright to knaw:
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Euin from the tyme, which is on nowayes flaw
To flie from vs, suppose we fled it noght?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

Bot sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heauenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat.
Bot sen that death to all is destinar,
Let vs imploy that tyme that God hath send vs,
In doing weill, that good men may commend vs.

Hac quoq; perficiat, quod perficit omnia, Tempus.

FINIS.





A TABLE OF SOME OBSCVRE

WORDIS WITH THEIR SIG-

*nifications, efter the ordour of
the Alphabet.*

*
*

VVordis

Significations

Ammon

Iupiter Ammon.

Ande

A village besyde *Mantua*

where *Virgill* was borne.

Alexandria

A famous citie in *Egypt*,

where was the notable librarie gathered by *Ptolomeus
Philadelphus*.

B

Bethaniens secound liuing

Lazarus of *Bethania*, who
was reuiued be Christ, reid *Iohn* II Chap.

C

Castalia

A well at the fute of the hill

Parnassus.

Celano

The cheif of the *Harpyes*, a

kynde of monsters with wingis and womens faces,
whome the Poets feynzeis to represent theuis.

O. iiij

THE TABLE.

Cerberus The thrie headed porter
of hell.

Cimmerien night Drevin from a kynd of people in the East, called *Cimmerij*, who are great theuis, and dwellis in dark caues, and therefore, sleeping in sinne, is called *Cimmerien* night.

Circuler daunce The round motion is of the Planets, and of their heauens, applyed to seuin findrie metallis.

Clio One of the *Muses*.

Cypris The dwelling place of *Venus*, tearming *continens pro contento*.

Cyprian torche Lovis darte.

D

Delphien Songs Poemes, and verses. drawen from the Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphos*.

Dira Thre furies of hell, *Alecto*, *Megera*, and *Tesiphone*.

Dodon A citie of the kingdome of *Epirus*, besydes the which, there was a wood and a Temple therein, consecrated to *Iupiter*.

E

Electre A metal, fowre parts gold
and fift part siluer.

Elise field In Latin *Campi Elisij*, a ioy full place in hell, where as the Poets feinz is all the

THE TABLE.

happie spreits do remaine.

Esculape
god.

A mediciner, after made a

G

Greatest thunders

Iupiter (as the Poets feigneis) had two thunders, whereof he sent the greatest vpon the Gyants, who contemned him.

H

Hermes

An *AEgyptiā Philosopher*

soone after the tyme of *Moyse*s, confessed in his Dialogues one onely God to be Creator of all things, and graunted the errours of his forefathers, who brought in the superstitious worshipping of Idoles.

Hippolyte

After his mēbers were drawin in sunder by fowre horses, *Esculapius* at *Neptuns* request, glewed them together, and reuiued him.

M

Mausole tombe

One of the seauin miracles which *Artemise* caused to be builded for her husband by *Timotheus*, *Briace*, *Scope*, and findrie other workmen.

Mein
Sein

A riuer in *Almanie*.

A riuer in *Fraunce*.

P

THE TABLE.

The Authors meaning by these two riuers is, that the originall of the *Almanis* came first out of *Fraunce*, cōtrarie to the vulgar opinion.

N

Nynevoiced mouth
whereof *Vranie* was one.

The nyne *Muses*,

P

Panchaia
wherein, it is written, the *Phœnix* burnis her selfe vpon *Apollos* altar.

A towne in the East,

Pinde or *Pindus*
Apollo, and the *Muses*.

A hill consecrate to

Phæmonoe
nounced the Oracles of *Apollo*.

A woman who pro-

S

Seamans starres

The seauen starres.

Semele

Mother of *Bacchus*, who

being deceiued by *Iuno*, made *Iupiter* come to her in his least thunder, which neuertheles consumde her.

Syrenes

Taken heir for lit-

till gray birdes of *Canaria*.

T

Thais

A common harlot of

Alexandria.

Triton

THE TABLE.

Triton

a man.

A monster in the sea, shapin like

Turnus sister

Named *Iuturna*, a goddelse of the water, who in the shape of her brothers waggonner led his chariot through the fields, ay till *Alecto* appeared vnto them in shape of an Howlet.

V

Vranie

The heauenly Muse.

FINIS.

Sonnet of the Authour.

THE facound Greke, *Demosthenes* by name,
His tounge was ones into his youth so flow,
As evin that airt, which flourish made his fame,
He scarce could name it for a tyme, ze know.
So of small seidis the *Liban* Cedres grow:
So of an Egg the *Egle* doeth proced:
From fountains small great *Nilus* flood doeth flow:
Evin so of rawnis do mightie fishes breid.
Therefore, good Reader, when as thow dois reid
These my first fruiētis, dispysse them not at all.
Who watts, bot these may able be indeid
Of fyner Poemis the beginning small.
Then, rather loaue my meaning and my panis,
Then lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis.

Rhetor.
rique.

FINIS.

 I HAVE INSERT FOR
 THE FILLING OVT OF THIR

VACAND PAGEIS, THE VERIE

wordis of *Plinius* vpon the

Phœnix,

as followis.



C. P L I N I I

Nat. Hist. Lib. Decimi, Cap. 2.

De Phœnice.

**
 *

A Ethiopes atq; Indi, discolores maximè & inenarrabiles
 ferunt aues, & apte omnes nobilem Arabia Phœnicè:
 haud scio an fabulosè, vnum in toto orbe, nec visum mag
 nopere. Aquilæ narratur magnitudine, auri fulgore circa
 colla, cætera purpureus, cæruleam roseis caudam pennis
 distinguentibus, cristis faciem, caputque plumeo apice
 cohonestante. Primus atque diligentissimus togatorum
 de eo prodidit Manilius, Senator ille, maximis nobilis
 doctrinis doctore nullo: neminem extitisse qui viderit
 vescentē: sacrum in Arabia Soli esse, viuere annis DCLX.
 senescentem, casia thurisque surculis construere nidū, re
 plere odoribus, & superemori. Ex ossibus deinde & me

P. iiii.

medulliseius nasci primo ceu vermiculum: inde fieri pul-
lum: principioque iusta funeri priori reddere, & totum
deferre nidum prope Panchaiam in Solis urbem, & in
ara ibi deponere. Cum huius alitis vita magni conuer-
sionem anni fieri prodit idem Manilius, iterumque signi-
ficationes tempestatum & siderum easdem reuerti. Hoc
autem circa meridiem incipere, quo die signum Arietis
Sol intrauerit. Et fuisse eius conuersionis annum prodēte
se P. Licinio, M. Cornelio Consulibus. Cornelius Va-
lerianus Phœnicem deuolasse in Aegyptum tradit, Q.
Plautio, Sex. Papinio Coss. Allatus est & in urbem
Claudij Principis Censura, anno urbis DCCC, & in co-
mitio propositus, quod actis testatum est, sed quem falsum
esse nemo dubitaret.

FINIS.

*I helped my self also in my Tragedie thair of, vwith
the Phœnix of Lactantius Firmianus, vwith
Gesnerus de Anibus, & dyuers vthers,
bot I haue onely insert thir fore-
said vvords of Plinius,
Because I followv
him maist in my Tra-
gedie.*

Farevveill.

*(**)*

